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ALICE IN POSTERLAND

Drawing by GILROY

Minus a Guinness

"You *are* in a hole," said Alice sympathetically. "Whatever are you digging for?"

"Well," said the Keeper, "they always say 'Have a Guinness when you're tired' and there's nothing like digging for making you tired. I wonder how much more I've got to do before I can have the Guinness." He bent down and peered into the hole.

"It's lucky," said the Ostrich, snatching the opportunity and the Keeper's glass, "that *I* don't have to be tired to enjoy a Guinness."

"Well!" exclaimed Alice. "You *have* got a neck!"

G.E.1452

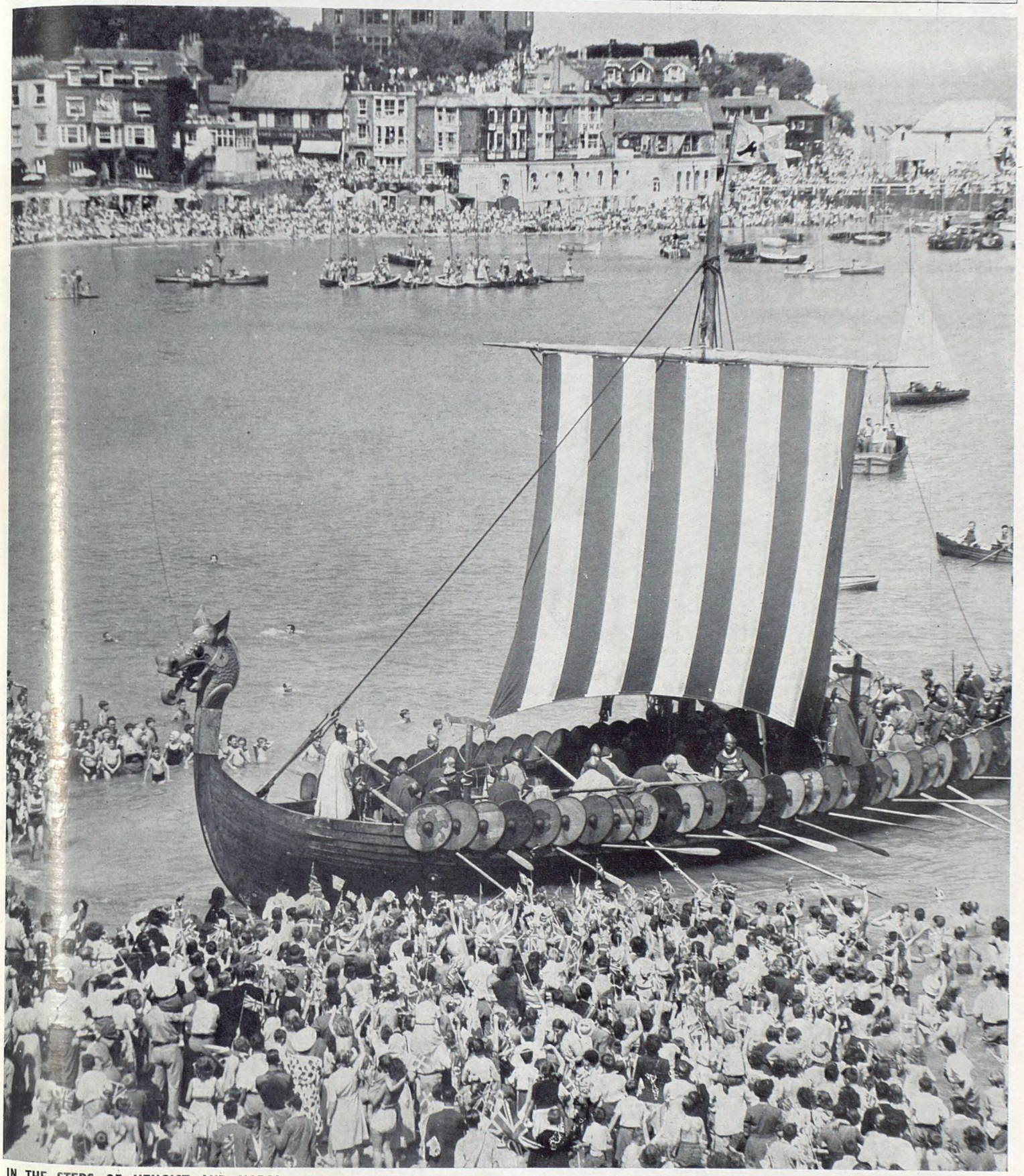
Volume CXCVIII No. 2583

The SPHERE, London, August 6, 1949

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



IN THE STEPS OF HENGIST AND HORSA — THE MODERN VIKINGS LAND AT BROADSTAIRS 1,500 YEARS AFTER THEIR FORBEARS CAME TO THE KENT COAST AT THE INVITATION OF KING VORTIGERN: Holiday crowds, waving Union Jacks and Danish flags, crowding round the "Hugin" as the vessel with the dragon prow completed its ten-day voyage from Jutland. The Danish oarsmen, bearded, sun-tanned and wearing Viking costume, come from many different walks of life, and their ages range from nineteen to fifty-four **(See also page 183 of this issue)**

The Viking ship *Hugin*, lately launched at Frederiksund, in Zealand, set out from Esbjerg, Jutland, in mid-July to sail to the Kent coast in celebration of the 1,500th anniversary of the arrival of Hengist and Horsa on these shores. Some fifty Danish oarsmen manned the great vessel, the veteran among them being a Copenhagen dentist of fifty-four, and among the others were an architect, a greengrocer, a bookseller, a cigar sorter, a paperhanger, and numerous students. So well did they row in a sometimes choppy sea that the *Hugin*, making a steady eighty miles a day, reached the Thanet coast forty-eight hours in advance of "D-Day." After lying off the coast, the *Hugin*, with its dragon-head at the prow and its raven flag aloft, came in at Broadstairs at high water, there to receive a tremendous reception from assembled holiday-makers. Above the din very little could be heard of the official welcome by Lord Hacking, but as he declared at the time, all that could be said was summed up in the slogan, "Welcome to Britain."

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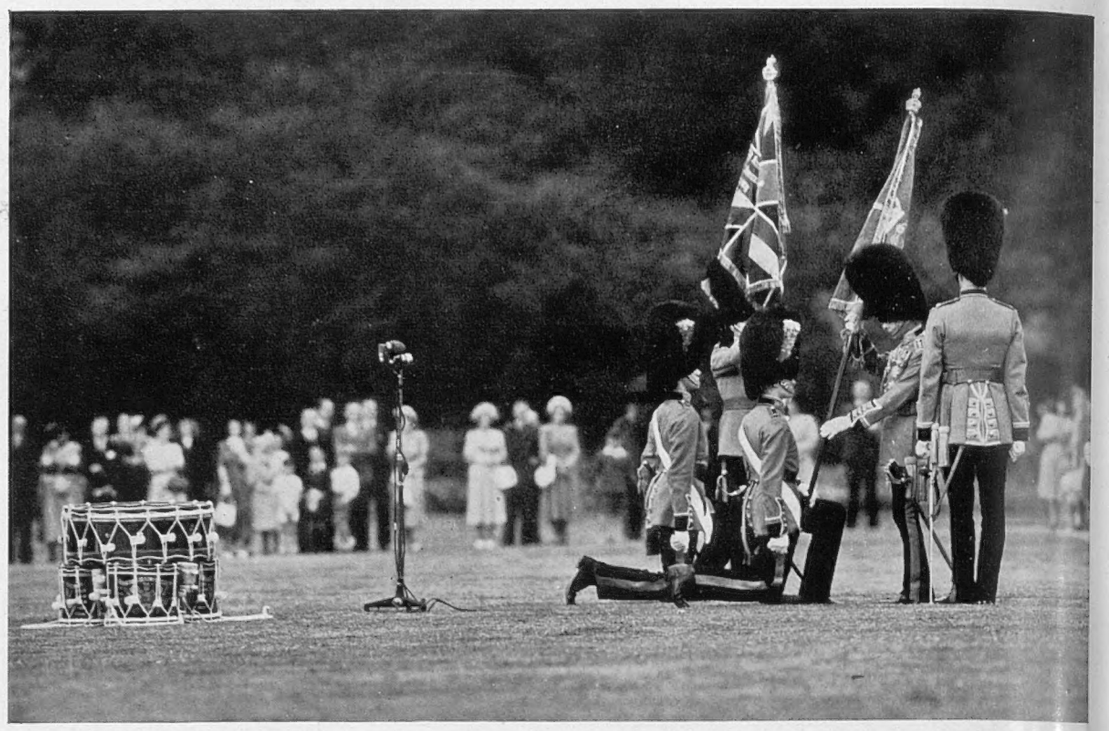
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

American Criticism of Britain.—The High Commissioner for Australia gently commented the other day on the proneness of so many statesmen and Pressmen in America to criticise Britain's internal affairs. No doubt the critics answer that the man who pays the piper calls the tune, but this particular aria is hardly appropriate to the constitutional range of the U.S.A. and her ideals of liberty for all nations. The critics, of course, are not official America. In America at least freedom to say what you damn well please still flourishes. But such criticism *is* irritating even to a nation which has usually enjoyed, above all things, to be trounced by foreigners for our faults and "absurdities"; it is irritating even to those of us who agree in hating blind nationalisation, insane over-spending and non-stop, concentrated reform-legislation. We take a lot of advice from America in good part and are glad to have it. But it all depends on who gives it and on how it is given. Much of it on the air and in the Press and in Congress is delivered in the wrong way by the wrong men. We must bear it patiently, for it will continue, because we are greatly in America's debt, and we fully realise the supreme need of maintaining good relations between the two mighty English-speaking nations. Divided, they fall quite inevitably. It is worth a little tact to prevent that.

A Valuable Export.—The tourist trade is one of our most important industries to-day, and as a result of a summer which comes to us perhaps four times in a century, we have been able to *export* an invaluable article and dollar-winner—the *news*, authenticated by thousands who have seen it, that the English summer is absolutely perfect. This news is travelling out to-day to New Zealand, to America, to the Far East and the Near, down under and up top. This will mean a lot to us next year, when it will probably be relegated to shameless, baseless rumour. But in 1949 we *had* it, and it broke all sorts of records. It was not quite uniform all over England. It never is. Manchester had some rain. Here in my corner, less than 1¼ ins. of rain have fallen since May, and everything green has shrivelled to dark-brown toast, while every type of bird, desperate for liquid, has settled on the fruit and vegetables that have survived the drought. But what a record of hopes never disappointed, never even doubted, concerning the family summer fixtures—not a single week-end that was not perfect, not an open-air function of any kind cancelled or marred; the certainty that any day next week will do as well for a bathe, or an expedition or a picnic! It happens perhaps once in a generation like that. And that "once" creates the legend which all generations repeat to their children: "Summers *were* summers in my youth." One fine summer creates that legend, just as one wet summer created that durable aphorism concerning our English summer: "Two fine days and a thunderstorm."

"Listen, Lords and Ladies Gay."—Lord Reading's plea for the admission of peeresses in their own right was duly debated and made good reading. Some of the cited precedents and footnotes will be filed for reference on the appropriate file, already very full and complete, and nothing whatever will come of it in the life of this Parliament. The broad principle is unanswerable in theory. In practice it does not work in with the haphazard constitution of the existing Upper House. Whatever hereditary right, if any, the original "writ of Summons" conferred on the person summoned in mediæval times, it is certain that in those days no authority contemplated that a female holder of such a peerage should sit in that House. Those peeresses who are most concerned to press their claim to sit are such peeresses by writ, who have inherited by remainder in default of male heirs. There are a few peeresses by special remainder and still fewer who have themselves been made peeresses. Their claims to sit in the House as at present constituted are generally no stronger, even by virtue of the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act of thirty years ago, because *nothing came of it at the time.* For the rest, it should be remembered that for years the hereditary principle has played only a tiny part in the practices of the House of Lords. Ninety per cent. of those who conduct the debates are first creations, mostly created *ad hoc.* The Upper House must soon be reformed—it is an anachronism too absurd to survive for much longer even in Britain, and its reform must surely be on the lines of a small House of life-peers—representative men and women.



NEW COLOURS FOR THE IRISH GUARDS — THE KING, WEARING THE FULL-DRESS SCARLET UNIFORM OF COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE REGIMENT, PRESENTING COLOURS TO THE 1ST BATTALION ON THE LAWNS OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: Field Marshal Lord Alexander of Tunis, Colonel of the Regiment, who flew from Canada for the occasion, took the first half of the parade, during which the old Colours were trooped and then borne into the Palace while the band played "Auld Lang Syne." The King came out to give the new Colours just as the first rain fell, but he ordered that the parade should be carried through. His Majesty inspected the front rank of the battalion and stood while Monsignor J. M. Clarke, the principal Roman Catholic chaplain, consecrated the new Colours. Addressing the battalion, which is commanded by Lieut.-Colonel D. M. L. Gordon-Watson, the King said: "It is most welcome to me, as I am sure it is to you, to see your Colonel standing at the head of his regiment for the first time. In order to be on parade, Lord Alexander has flown here from Canada, which will remind you of the great changes which have come about since 1927, when my father presented you with your old Colours in this garden. On that occasion such a flight would have been unthinkable. In the twenty-two years which have passed since that day your battalion has fought in Norway, Africa and Italy, and in two separate tours of duty has helped the cause of peace and humanity in Palestine. As your Colonel-in-Chief, I am proud to be able to pay tribute to the exploits and sacrifices not only of the 1st Battalion but of the whole regiment during those dark years."

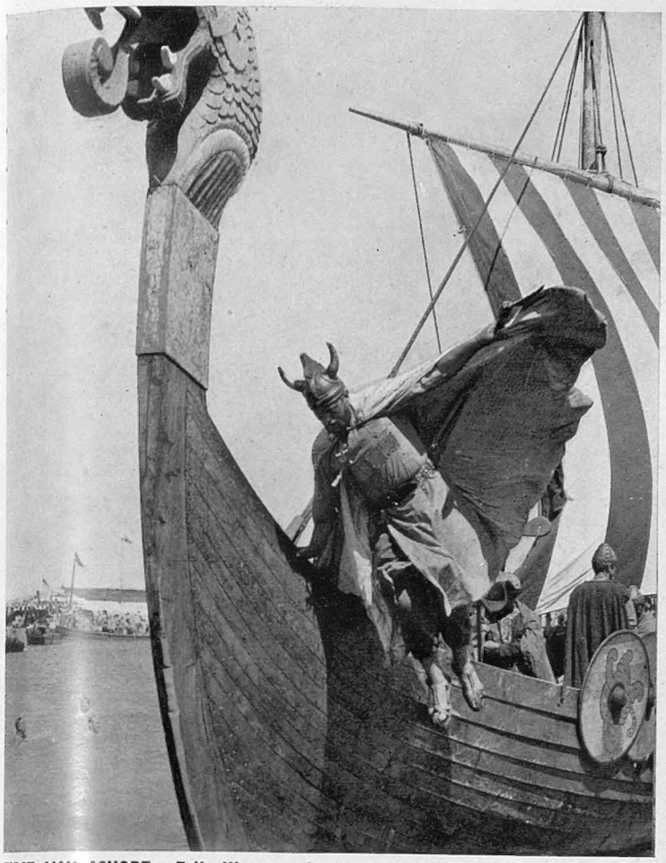
Glorious Goodwood.—Glorious—and grilling. The *genuine* lovers of racehorses and/or of race fashions cheerfully find the guineas for the inner enclosure of privilege and see the meeting through, and this circle of privilege is by no means "exclusive" in an Edwardian sense, for the local tradesmen can all afford it. The new poor mingle with the gipsies and tipsters and "adventurers" in the silver ring, where a few trees provide a little shade. *Hoi polloi* go to the Trundle and enjoy the yells and the orange-peel under a relentless sun, where relief is not to be had for love or money or by ingenuity, and one and all roll up the chalk-dust roads from Singleton or Chichester amid the fumes of innumerable motor-buses. Racing, I am glad to say, is not my cup of tea—a tiring and expensive cup. I prefer the shade of a beech-tree—*sub tegmine fagi*—until the heat wanes a little, and then I join some of the ardent race-goers under the shade of the limes in Cowdray Park to watch the excellent polo provided for our entertainment. And when I tell them: "No, I didn't go to Goodwood to-day," some look contemptuous, some look shocked and all look surprised. But that does not worry me. For once austerity has marched with inclination.

Polo at Cowdray.—The people of Midhurst and West Sussex enjoy many blessings in summer. They live in a corner of England peculiarly endowed by Nature and even now very little desecrated by men. They have the downs and the great private parks of their chief landowners, who still manage to live in their ancestral homes. Arundel, Goodwood, Cowdray and Up Parks would certainly stand among the first twenty of such parks judged on beauty and extent, and they are all within calling distance one of another. Cowdray Park this summer offers the additional attraction of first-class polo, every Saturday afternoon, free to all. In dry weather the Lawns ground, in its matchless setting beside the ruins of the great house of the Montagus, is in use, and there, any week-end, the public may watch the best polo available in England and the wizardry of that star performer, Mr. Lakin. Lord Cowdray, himself a notable performer (handicap 3), despite his physical handicap, supplies many of the best ponies, and members of his family are among the regular players. There are few, if any, games or sports so well worth watching, and at Cowdray a running commentary, which does not obtrude, enables the public to appreciate the rules and technique of that *famous* and *ancient* game. Cowdray possesses no fewer than three polo grounds, two of them among the best in England. The record-breaking drought has driven the players downwards from the Park, to the Lawns ground by the old ruins, and now to the River ground, and even that is cast-iron, though it has the advantage of some shade. During Goodwood Week, the best players now in the game have assembled from many lands for the tournament.

Temperatures and Tempers.—The hot spell was pleasant enough in the right place. In the wrong place and the wrong clothes, high temperatures are apt to produce hot tempers. So it was in Paris in the National Assembly during the Atlantic Pact debate, where ten Deputies at least were engaged in fisticuffs, and the Postmaster-General, M. Thomas, revealed an unexpectedly telling punch which floored his own opponent and sent him to sleep. It was so in the tents of privilege at Goodwood almost in the presence of Royalty. Thirsty gate-crashers and queue-breakers created an ugly scene which would certainly have shocked Edwardian West Sussex before the days of democracy, equality and "fraternity." It is to the credit of our own Parliament that the very controversial debates of those sultry days and nights produced so little bad temper and revealed no new champion for British boxing. And no doubt it was a precautionary measure, justified by the great heat, which decided that the dockers have not forfeited their charter-right to holidays with pay. Those who struck have been naughty boys, but not so naughty as that.

Hoghton Tower.—Hoghton is the latest of the historic English homes still in private occupation to fall back on "support by private contributions." It will be regularly opened to the public at 2s. a head. Mounting taxation has induced Sir Cuthbert de Hoghton to make the experiment. The house has been in the family's possession since 1562. It is well placed for custom, being near Preston and Chorley, and in a ring of big manufacturing cities. King George V lunched there on one of his Lancashire tours in 1913, "sitting at the same table that James the First sat at when he knighted the loin of beef," as he recorded in his personal diary. In 1913 Sir James de Hoghton was his host. I shall watch the progress of this method of support for last-ditch landowners in residence with keen interest. Hoghton should thrive on it longer than many. Curiosity's saturation-point may be sooner reached with houses more remote from large populations, such as Longleat.

THE OLD STAGER



FIRST MAN ASHORE: Erik Kiersgaard, the leader of the Vikings, battle-axe in hand, his carmine cloak waving in the breeze, leaping from the prow of the "Hugin" on to the sands of Broadstairs when the ship arrived on the Kent coast ten days after leaving Esbjerg. The ship put in at Broadstairs at high water and was met by a vast crowd

PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK GREETS THE CHIEF VIKING: Erik Kiersgaard shaking hands with the Prince, who, with the Mayor of Broadstairs (left) and Lord Hacking, constituted the official reception party

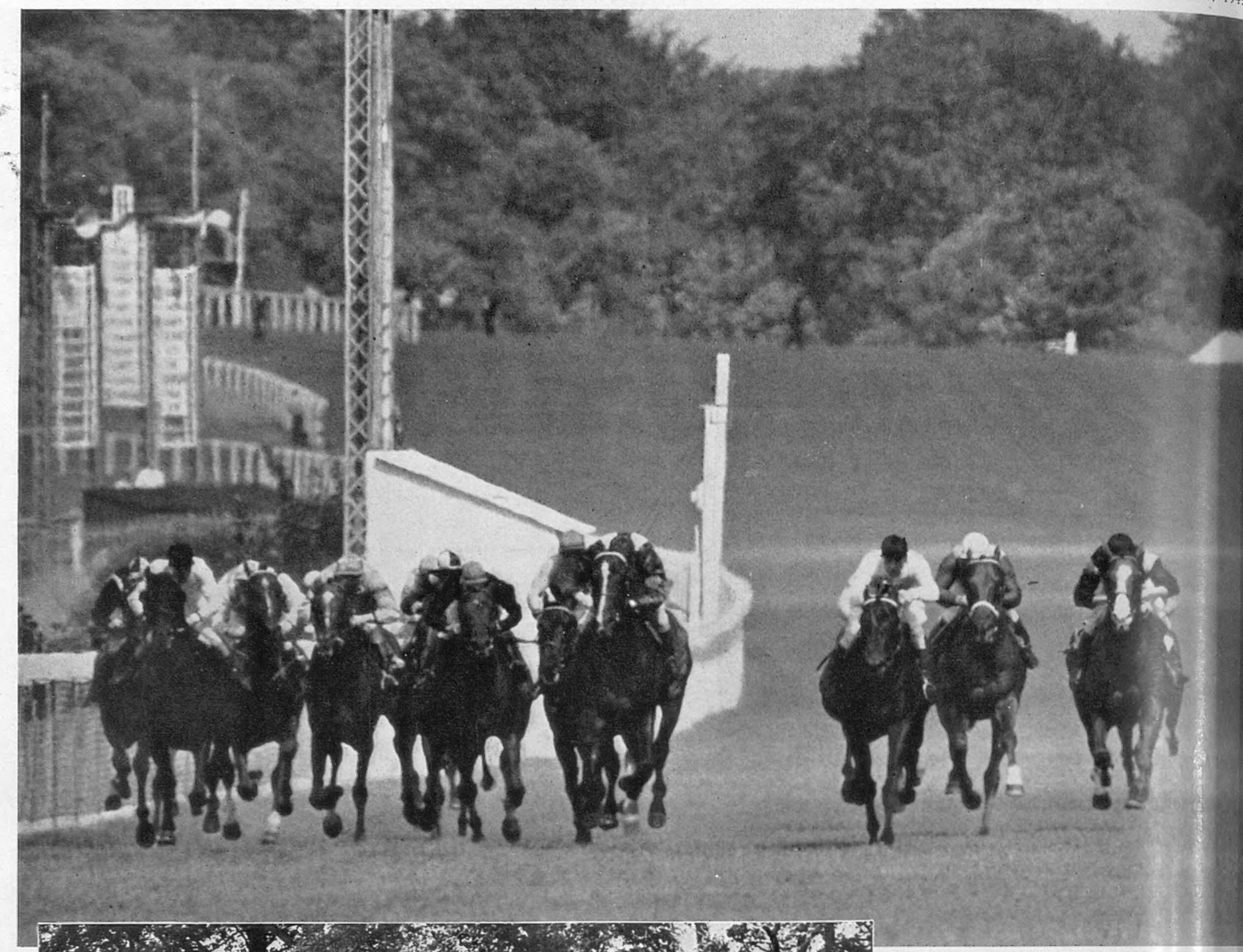
THE "HUGIN" AT ANCHOR OFF BROADSTAIRS: The Viking ship, which arrived nearly forty-eight hours ahead of schedule, waiting to put in on the Kent coast. Some of the Vikings' hands were badly blistered after their long North Sea row. During the voyage they slept on bare boards, and smoking was prohibited

THE VIKINGS AT BROADSTAIRS

A Great Welcome for the "Invaders" on the Kent Coast

Last week at Broadstairs it was "D-Day" plus 1,500 years, and there was a tremendous welcome from Kent coast schoolchildren and holiday-makers as the modern Viking ship put in at high water. One of the jolliest Vikings was the Ceremony Master, Ulf Kaarsburg, a fifty-four-year-old Copenhagen dentist. "I am what you call a cheer-leader," he said. "In the old days the Vikings took a man like me in order to keep the rowing men in good humour, and to lead the singing"

WITH AN ESCORT OF PLEASURE-BOATS, THE "HUGIN" MAKES FOR THE SHORE AT BROADSTAIRS, THUS MARKING THE 1,500TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LANDING OF HENGIST AND HORSA ON THE KENT COAST: One of the pleasure-craft on the left, crowded with holiday-makers who came out to meet the "Hugin," appears to be dangerously low in the water. The "Hugin," which cost £5,000 to build, may be sold over here. After putting in at Broadstairs, the ship went to Ramsgate and Margate, where there were more receptions, and on Bank Holiday it was arranged that the "Hugin" should sail up the Thames



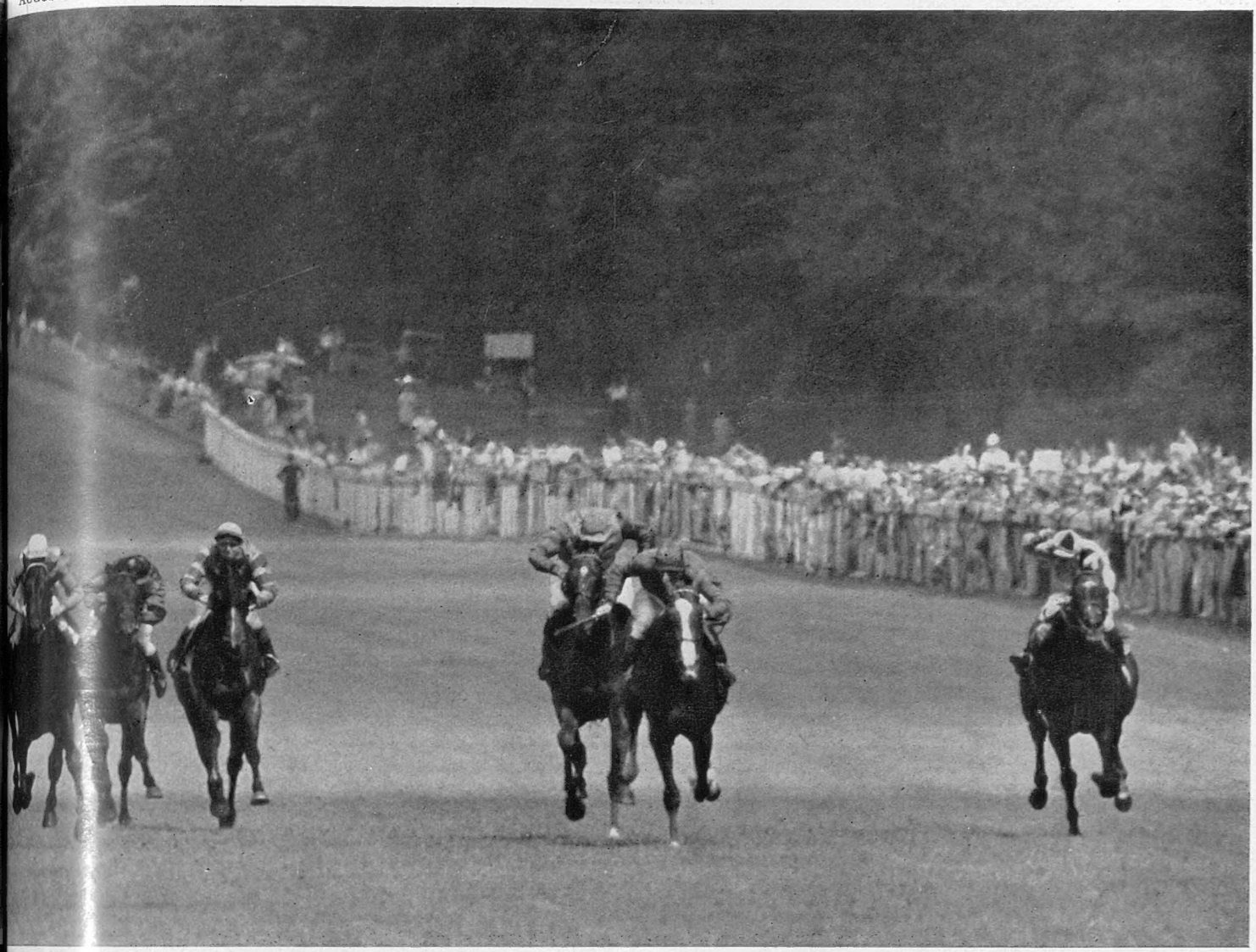
GOODWOOD

BENEATH A BLAZING SUN

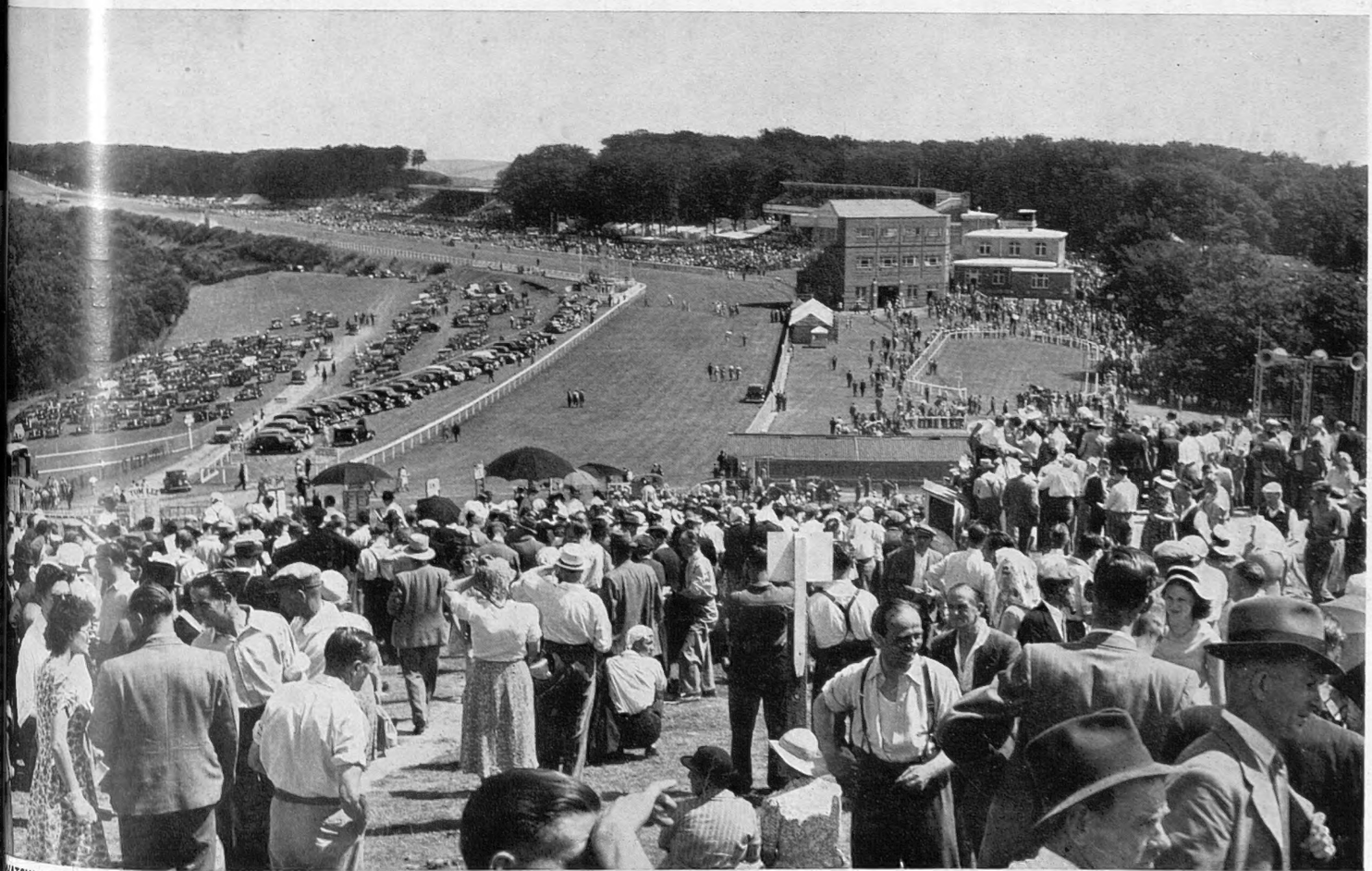
Some Facets of the Popular Meeting on the Sussex Downs

THE COOLEST SPOT IN GOODWOOD: There were few marquees at Goodwood this year, but the chalets run by clubs and catering for private parties were highly popular during the lunch-hour which preceded the first race. On the opening day there was a large attendance, but it dwindled during the week partly because of the heat and partly because of the poor fields which marred the racing on some days

THE PHOTO-FINISH WHICH SHOOK THE BETTING RING: After the finish of the Bentinck Stakes the j called for a print from the recording camera. showed the favourite, High Stakes, and the fro challenger, Hornet III, locked together as t reached the line. At first it appeared that the near the camera (High Stakes) had won, and this indeed the verdict given by the judge after his scr of the print. It was afterwards noticed, however, whereas High Stakes had finished with his head l air, the leading head was the lower one. It was noticed that the nose which touched the finishing was dark and that Hornet's nose is, in fact, dark, wh High Stakes has a white nose. The weighed-in was issued soon after the judge's announcement, and afterwards bookmakers and the Tote paid backers High Stakes their winnings. There were many p who were certain that a mistake had been made, and the following day this was confirmed by the Stew The judge's decision, however, was not rev



THE THUNDERING LINE ACROSS THE COURSE AT GOODWOOD AS THE FIELD BATTLED OUT THE LAST FURLONG OF THE STEWARDS' CUP : This race, which resulted in a photo-finish and in a short-head victory for the 33 to 1 outsider, The Bite, owned by Mrs. W. J. Armstrong, of Cambridge, was one of the most keenly-contested events of the Goodwood Meeting. The long-focus camera shows a bunch of horses on the rails, and on the far side of the course W. Cox fighting a lone battle on Spartan Fare. On Stewards' Cup Day the first three races were all won by outsiders, and the bookmakers reaped a rich harvest.



WATCHING THE RACING FROM TRUNDLE HILL : This famous vantage-point was not by any means the coolest spot in Goodwood, but as usual, it provided a grand view of the racing. The going was unusually hard for this meeting, and this led to several fancied runners losing their form. Others were withdrawn. So well has the course been restored, it is hard to believe that during the Second World War it was used as an Army and Air Force depot

ROYAL OCCASIONS

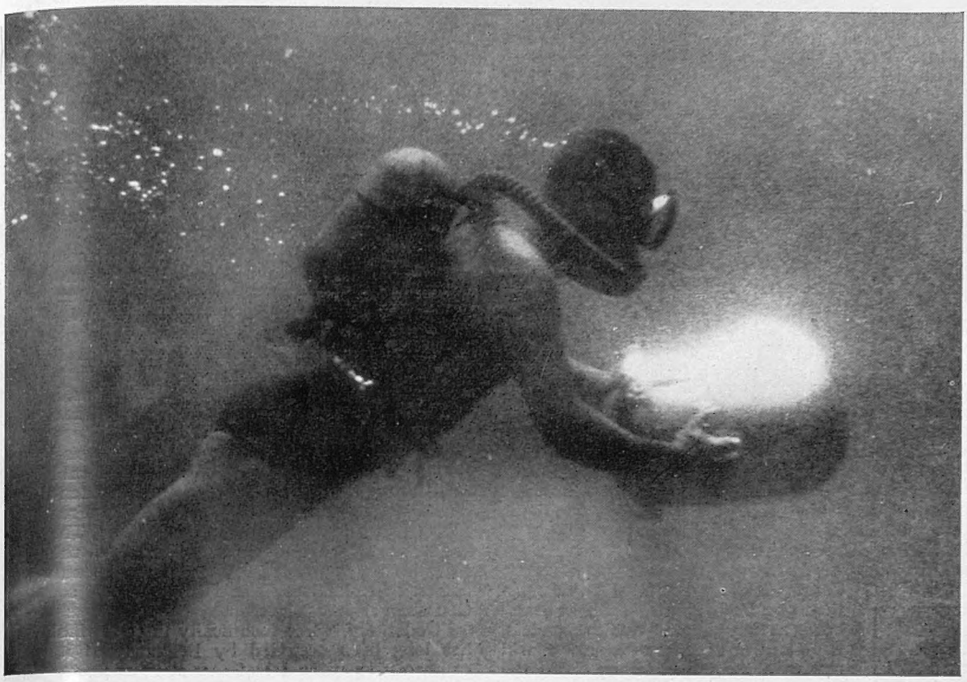
The King and Queen at the Pakistan Party; The Princess and the Duke in Yorkshire

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR PAKISTAN AND THE BEGUM RAHIMTOOLA RECEIVE THEIR ROYAL GUESTS: *Left*—**The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester with their host and hostess. The Begum is standing between the Duke and Duchess.** *Right*—**The arrival of the King and Queen. The Queen wore a lemon and yellow gown with sequins, and a diamond tiara with necklace and bracelets. The Prime Minister and diplomats representing thirty-nine countries were present at the reception, one of the most lavish parties given in London in recent years. As the 350 guests arrived at 35, Lowndes Square, they were applauded by sightseers**

PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN YORKSHIRE: Her Royal Highness examining fabric at the Industrial Exhibition at Halifax, which she visited with the Duke of Edinburgh in the course of her strenuous Yorkshire tour last week. The Royal visitors received their biggest reception at Leeds, where they spent nearly four hours. They also visited the Great Yorkshire Agricultural Show at Wakefield

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT ROUNDHAY PARK, LEEDS: Her Royal Highness receiving a bouquet from the Children's Day Queen, Miss Joan Anne Thompson, who also delivered an address of welcome. Over 50,000 people were present at the sports arena to greet the Royal visitors, and about 3,500 schoolchildren gave a demonstration of dancing

QUEEN MARY IS ADMITTED AS "A FREE SISTER" OF THE MERCERS' COMPANY: *Left*—**Her Majesty signing the "declaration of loyalty" at the Mercers' Hall, in the City of London, when she became a member of the premier City Livery Company.** *Right*—**Queen Mary escorted by Lord Selborne on arrival at the bomb-damaged Hall.** At the ceremony beside the ruins of the Hall in Ironmonger Lane, which was destroyed by enemy action in 1941, the Beadle announced that her Majesty presented herself "for admission to the Company by redemption, all fines remitted," and she then took the oath of loyalty, undertaking "to be true to our Sovereign Lord King George," and "to keep the secret of the trade." Lord Selborne, Master of the Mercers', presented her Majesty with a small replica of the Master's badge in the form of a brooch. It bears a porcelain head of the Virgin surrounded by a filigree of gold with diamonds and rubies. Queen Mary is the only living woman freeman of the Company



A NEW TECHNIQUE OF UNDERSEA PHOTOGRAPHY

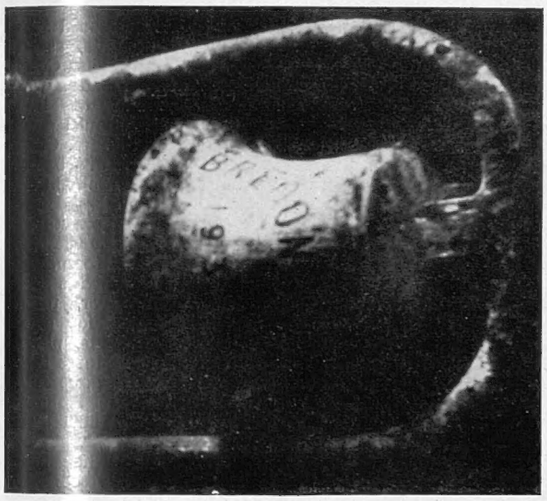
The Royal Navy's Frogmen take Pictures at 80 ft. and 100 ft. Below the Surface

Successful underwater cine-photography has obvious advantages for providing data regarding submerged wrecks and below-the-waterline damage to ships. The Admiralty has developed a new technique in this respect, and lately, with their cameras working by daylight and by flood-lighting, naval frogmen have been carrying out important trials beneath the Mediterranean.

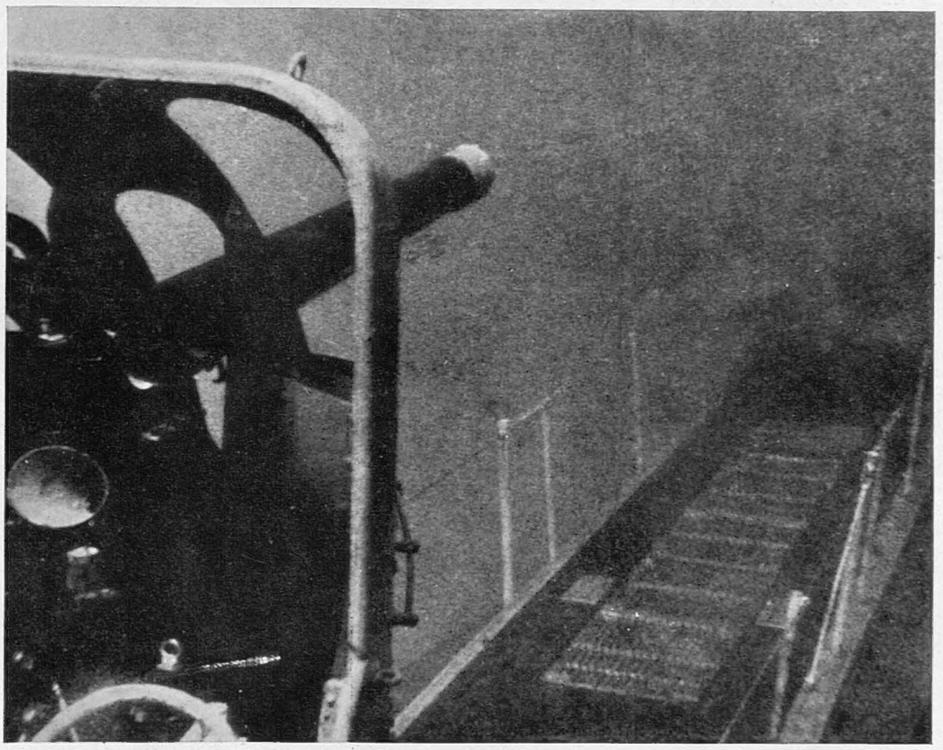
The frogmen operated under the orders of the Director of Boom Defence, whose department is responsible for naval salvage, and the Director of Physical Research. These remarkable pictures show some of the results of their work made at depths between 80 and 100 ft. From these cine pictures the Crown Film Unit will prepare a picture which will, in due time, be shown in Britain's cinemas. It will be called *Wonders of the Deep*..

Best of the pictures is a series showing the "A" class submarine *Auriga* submerged and actually firing a torpedo. It is easy to understand what a vital part this new method could play in modern warfare, especially in the examination of the underwater defences guarding an enemy shore.

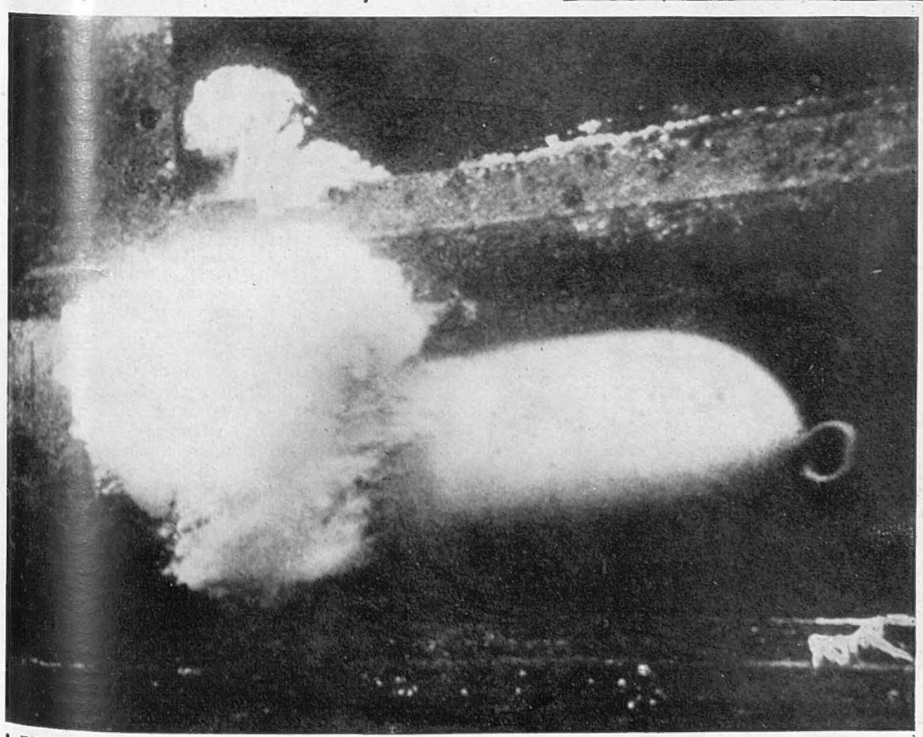
AN UNDERWATER CAMERAMAN IN ACTION : Wearing self-contained breathing apparatus and rubber "flippers," this frogman is a member of a Royal Naval team which has produced some remarkable results in underwater photography in the Mediterranean during the past few months. It is thought that this new photographic technique will have important applications in ship repairing



THE UNDERWATER CAMERA PHOTOGRAPHS THE BELL OF THE "BRECONSHIRE" : This picture was taken in ten fathoms in the Mediterranean off Marsa Shlok, and shows the clarity which can be achieved by modern methods



THE GUNDECK OF A SUBMARINE IN MOTION : This remarkable close-up was taken by a frogman of the Royal Navy who was standing just behind the gun emplacement of the submerged vessel. Such pictures can be taken both in daylight and in artificial light



A TORPEDO LEAVING THE TORPEDO-TUBE OF A SUBMERGED SUBMARINE : To obtain this record, one of the divers, Lieutenant H. J. Hodges R.N.V.R., approached to within 15 ft. of the vessel, and he trod water while he manipulated his camera. The submarine is H.M.S. "Auriga"

A COIL OF ROPE IN THE OCEAN DEPTHS : This example of night underwater photography was obtained with the help of a sodium exchange lamp and a mercury vapour spot

THE RHINE AS THE RIVER OF THE NATIONS

Not the Boundary of West Europe

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THERE is an old German saying: "*Der Rhine—Deutschland's Fluss Nicht Deutschland's Grenze!*" which could appropriately be recast to-day as: "The Rhine—West Europe's River not West Europe's Boundary!"

Several things are about to happen along Old Father Rhine, which, taken in conjunction with previous introductions, should make this waterway the nearest approach to a river of the nations that Europe has yet seen. Twelve Governments will be physically present along its banks, and a great many more if one takes into consideration the envoys to the West German State, from all over the world, who will be quartered in the best that the new Bonn Enclave has to offer.

From Düsseldorf to Strasbourg a new Rhine chapter opens. How long it will last can lead to all manner of conjecture. To name only the Germans—they won't like it at all. Ever since Bismarck the Germans have thought in terms of one bank of the Rhine being indissolubly linked with the other, and of both banks being under German dominance—and only this week I read that a Rhineland poll returned Bismarck as the greatest statesman who ever lived, by a 10 to 1 majority.

This still warlike tribe thinks yet of the Rhine as the national *Germania* wrote of it on the occasion of the final departure of the Allies in 1930: "The lately occupied territories, and the demilitarised zones which extended 30 miles east of them, covered 40,000 square miles of the richest, most power-conferring land. It harboured 15,000,000 Germans. Who can put their hand on this territory holds Germany by the throat."

THEY MET TO DISCUSS THE FUTURE OF THE ITALIAN COLONIES: Mr. Bevin and M. Schuman in Paris before the August Bank Holiday week-end. The question of Italy's overseas possessions is due to come up again soon before the United Nations General Assembly. The fate of Tripoli, in particular, is likely to arouse a bitter controversy

The Germans refuse to see it the other way round—that others can be frightened of the power that a German-ridden Rhine confers upon Germany, a power to go to war, such as was demonstrated on the latest occasion by Hitler inside three sledge-hammer years, 1936 (when he reoccupied the Rhineland) to 1939. They pay no attention to the almost complete territorial as-you-were following the latest victory over Germany. One or two tiny morsels on the Dutch-Belgian frontier, and a few alterations in French favour in the Saar form the sum total of German losses.

Regrettably it must be said that the Germans show no signs of becoming as internationally-minded about the Rhine, as the French have shown themselves to be after this second war, in complete contrast to their attitude after 1918. Have the French decided that airborne and engineering developments, to say nothing of atomic warfare, have profoundly altered the value of rivers as strategic bulwarks? May they also have decided that it is time something less bellicose were tried out along the Rhine?

The Celts initiated the story of strife in B.C. days. After them the Germanic tribes staggered along and "sat on bears' skins at both sides of the Rhine and always had another drink." The Romans watered things down somewhat, and caused trade to flourish from Speyer to Cologne. Then Charlemagne's empire based on Aachen. And, centuries after him, the French *poussé au Rhin* under Louis XIII and Louis XIV, resumed later by Bonaparte. The Austrians had a crack, too, before the Prussians got down to business with the rise of Bismarck.

Since when, the story of the Rhine may be succinctly taken from the lips of an old lady of Strasbourg: "I suppose one day they will make us European citizens, but as I have already changed my nationality four times, I 'm getting used to that kind of thing." She was referring to the wars that have rolled across the Rhine in the seventy-nine years of her life. She was born French, became German, then French, then German, and since 1944 has been French again—all without ever leaving her home.

I once drove easily from Pilsen to Strasbourg in a day, through Nuremberg, Pforzheim and Rastatt. Strasbourg the first capital of Europe, is less than 200 miles from Communism in power, particularly venomous Czech Communism at that. So the Council of Europe cannot be accused of siting itself in the rearward areas.

A front-line city that had to be evacuated, Strasbourg still shows gaping bomb wounds. The German river port of Kehl across the Rhine is now a suburb for 7,000 bombed-out people of Strasbourg. This, coupled with a French desire to work the port fifty-fifty with the Germans, has led *Tass* to seek to set Germans against French by blaring that the latter have annexed Kehl. Actually this port could be the beginning of an entente, between the frontier provinces of Alsace and Baden, an entente such as frontier people can devise if they are only left alone.

Strasbourg is an admirable choice. For hundreds of years the city was the cultural link and trade crossroads between western and eastern Europe. Even after Vienna took that role over, Strasbourg maintained its prestige as one of the half-dozen principal nodal points on the Continent. Now ninety-seven men are to meet there to found the cell of the first European Parliament in history.

Ten of them will be the Foreign Ministers of the charter countries: France, Britain, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Ireland, Luxembourg. Eighty-seven will be Socialist, Conservative and Liberal M.P.s from their own Parliaments, voting at Strasbourg as they choose. No Communists. Nine-tenths of executive power will rest with the ten Ministers. But the Consultative Assembly will be able to proclaim when, how and by whom it is being sat upon, if its recommendations are too airily flouted.

As Strasbourg will represent Europe's answer to the Cominform, a heavy responsibility will rest on political parties which impede it in order to facilitate their own domestic policies. For this reason Mr. Churchill is incomparably Britain's best bet at Strasbourg. He provided the germ of the whole business years ago at Zürich when he said that France and Germany must bury the hatchet.

Seven monarchies will be at Strasbourg, against three republics, but as most of the monarchies have socialists as their leading parties, not much is to be read into the preponderant royal note. All the same, the embryo Parliament will show a Centre-Conservative strength quite sufficient to account for Dr. Dalton's striving for a Socialist United Europe or none at all.

Downstream, we come upon the American presence around Wiesbaden-Bieberich and north nearly to the Lorelei. So as to be more on the spot, a new U.S. settlement is likely to be formed at Konigswinter, just south of Bonn. Besides, America is in the Ruhr. She is the eleventh nation on the Rhine.

Then it is thought that M. François-Poncet, the go-getting diplomat who succeeds General Koenig, has no intention of staying down at Baden-Baden, but plans to come up to Mainz. The French are already thoroughly installed at Mainz. They may make the gesture of handing over to the Bonn Government one or two riverside beauty-spots between Rolandseck and Ahrweiler, south of Godesberg.

Godesberg, while technically in the British Zone, has long been occupied by Belgians. If it is still as snooty as when I last saw it in 1946, the Allied Staffs who are to be installed locally will need a full measure of tact as German nationalism steadily and inevitably rises. The combined H.Q. staffs are to perch up at the Hotel Petersberg, where Mr. Chamberlain was left by Hitler, to guess at things for twenty-four—or was it thirty-six?—hours. Other Allied staffs will occupy the Hotel Dreesen, at Godesberg, where Hitler did some of his deepest dreaming.

This select, picture-postcard area should attract diplomatic staffs from both hemispheres, as these become accredited to the Bonn Government, thereby greatly broadening the international appearance of Father Rhine. Secluded villas should provide some hard bargaining in hard German marks. There certainly won't be much room in Bonn itself, which is said to be holding 100,000 instead of 40,000, and whose swell residential districts have suffered only less than the destroyed University quarter and old town.

TRADE UNION DELEGATES AT THE GATEWAY TO THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY: They had brought before the Chamber a monster petition denouncing the Atlantic Pact, which they described as "an open threat against the Soviet Union and a pact of war." The presentation of the petition coincided with the long-drawn-out debate on the Pact held within the Assembly

The Bonn Enclave which stretches up both sides of the river, towards Cologne, must find room for a very large influx of Civil Servants, plus the usual thousands whose business locates them in close proximity to government. The 400 members of the Bundestag (Lower House) will meet in the Teachers' Academy, a large, modern, white concrete building looking rather like a factory and being rapidly completed on the river bank. The Upper House has a hall in the new town.

Across, on the right bank, the Chancellor will reside in Brühl Castle. The President's home is not yet fixed, but may be the Villa Hammerschmidt.

Once-elegant Bonn has had two claims to fame. By a real bombing freak, the house where Beethoven was born escaped almost alone in Bonngasse, in the old town. The University of this "German Oxford" used to have seven faculties and quite seventy institutes. A famous house related to it also still stands: the Borussen Haus, student headquarters of the corps to which the Kaiser and most of his sons belonged.

Bonn reached its apogee in the days of *The Merry Widow*, when it was also a swagger garrison town. Now it emerges as Germany's temporary capital.

Proceeding downstream, the river of the nations will shortly witness a return of the British to the region of Cologne, which they left, back in 1926. Various services are to move over from Berlin, and I am told that Sir Brian Robertson, plans to be one of the migrants westwards.

Düsseldorf and the adjacent Ruhr completes the international picture. If you read *The Du Mauriers*, you will learn what a gay, free spot Düsseldorf was a century ago. It grew to be a fine city on Ruhr big money. To-day, amid its ruins, it boasts a black market *chic* of its own.

The international company which is to run the Ruhr cannot fail to be seen in and around Düsseldorf. Its leading German is Premier Arnold of Rhine Province. Other German leaders on the Rhine as river of the nations are named Adenauer, Schumacher, Spiecker, Schmidt, Reimann, Punder and Erhart. Not one has shown that he has statesmanship. Each rotates in his own parochial political circle.

GERMAN HEAVY-DUTY TRANSPORT TRUCKS ARE BEING EXPORTED TO SWITZERLAND: Part of the "shipment" of 100 Steg lorries loaded on waggons at Kassel before leaving for Berne. On several of the trucks were banners bearing the words "Steg Brings Dollars"

THE BAHAIS RETURN TO ISRAEL

Eighty Persians Journey Back to Haifa and Acre, the Holy Towns of their Creed

THE BAHAI GARDEN ON MOUNT CARMEL, THE SHRINE OF THE FAITH : Here, amid the cypress trees, are the carefully-tended tombs of members of Mirza Badi Ulla Bahai's family. The Bahais have now returned at the invitation of the Israeli Government, which is holding out the hand of friendship to all minorities

MIRZA BADI ULLA BAHAI LEAVES HIS EXILE IN LEBANON : The head of the Bahai faith about to be helped into his car at the start of his journey back to Israel, which he left with his family and followers at the outbreak of the war between Israel and her Arab neighbours. He is the only son of Bahai Ulla, the founder and leader of this Persian sect in Israel

In their fast American cars—Cadillacs, Chryslers and Pontiacs—members of the wealthy Bahais sect sped down the coast road from Lebanon, where they had lived in exile during the Arab-Israeli war, to their old homes in Haifa and Acre, cities which the Bahai sect look upon as holy. Their return to Israel was not only a great event for the Bahais, but it typifies the attitude of the Israeli Government towards minorities at a time when even their own people cannot be properly accommodated and found work. Every effort was made to speed the journey of Mirza Badi Ulla Bahai and his followers across the borderland, and the formalities at the Lebanon-Galilee frontier post were brief

A PERSIAN FAMILY CROSSES THE BORDER BETWEEN ISRAEL AND LEBANON : They came in fast cars, but at the frontier had to walk to the Customs shed. The barbed wire on the right encloses a mined area

THE DEPARTURE FROM LEBANON : Mrs. Mirza Badi Ulla Bahai, wife of the only surviving son of Bahai Ulla, is helped into her car by a Red Magen David nurse at the start of the journey back. Some months ago the family had the chance to return to Israel, via Cyprus, but declined

WHILE THEIR PARENTS HAD THEIR PAPERS CHECKED : Persian children are given drinks by an Israeli soldier at the frontier between Israel and Lebanon. The formalities were completed swiftly and the cavalcade passed on to Haifa and Acre

"VOLTE FACE" in BERLIN

HANS JENDRETZKY ATTEMPTS TO THWART THE PLANS FOR A WEST-GERMAN FEDERAL REPUBLIC AND ADDRESSES A BIG COMMUNIST RALLY IN THE POTSDAMER PLATZ

WAS IT A POLICY OF DESPERATION?—HANS JENDRETZKY'S CALL FOR A UNIFIED GERMANY: Jendretzky (third from left), leader of Berlin's Socialist Unity Party (the Communists), addressing a mass meeting of party followers in the Potsdamer Platz near the junction of the United States, British and Soviet sectors. Jendretzky demanded free elections for a Berlin City Government. This was the first time since the city was split that a Communist leader has urged such a course. He demanded the incorporation of Berlin into its natural hinterland, the Soviet Zone, and repeated familiar Communist demands for a uniform currency in the city and an equal exchange of East and West marks. A crowd of about 25,000 followers cheered his words. Among those on the rostrum from which Jendretzky spoke was Gerhard Eisler, who is seen in this picture standing second from right, next to Adolf Deter (extreme right), the second-in-command of the Communist Party in Berlin. Three days after this open-air meeting Communist leaders in the German People's Council in Berlin demanded in the interest of national unity that the political leaders of Western Germany drop their plans for the establishment of a Federal Republic

THE COMMUNIST RALLY IN THE POTSDAMER PLATZ: Part of the great crowd which heard Hans Jendretzky call for free elections in Berlin. The demand was, to say the least, surprising, for on the last occasion free elections were held in the city on October 20, 1946, the Communist Party polled only 19·8 per cent. of the total vote and won twenty-six seats

THEY CAME WITH THEIR FLAGS AND THEIR BANNERS TO SUPPORT THE "NATIONAL FRONT": Looking towards the balcony of the Potsdamer Bahnhof, from which Hans Jendretzky delivered his call to Berliners demanding free elections. Three days later Wilhelm Pieck echoed the same sentiments

THE RELEASE OF MAX REIMANN: The West German Communist leader holding bouquets of flowers showered upon him by his enthusiastic followers at Frankfurt after returning from gaol at Dusseldorf. Reimann had served a three-months sentence for "encouraging discrimination" in a speech in which he described as quislings the politicians who will be required to co-operate with the Ruhr authority

LEADERS IN THE GERMAN PEOPLE'S COUNCIL CALL UPON THE WESTERN ALLIES TO DROP THEIR PLANS FOR A FEDERAL REPUBLIC: Otto Nuschke, head of the East Christian Democratic Union, addressing the German People's Council in Berlin when he supported the resolution aimed at the defeat of Western plans for the building of a Republic in Western Germany. On his right hand sat the two influential Communist leaders, Herr Grotewohl and Herr Wilhelm Pieck

THE GREAT COAL STRIKE COSTS AUSTRALIA DEAR

Some Aspects of the Dispute, which has been Laid at the Door of the Communist Party

A RAID ON MARX HOUSE, SYDNEY : Australian police supervising the loading of documents taken from trade union headquarters in the city. The papers were seized in the course of a search for money known to have been withdrawn from banks by trade unions just before a Bill was passed freezing union funds to prevent them being used as financial aid for striking coal-miners. The law was back-dated to June 6, 1949, but it was known that three unions had withdrawn a total of £46,000A in cash from banks on June 29. An arbitration court ordered the unions to pay this money into court or face charges of contempt

HOW THE STRIKERS IN NEW SOUTH WALES REACTED TO STATE LEGISLATION : This notice was written on the wall of the New South Wales Parliament as the Legislative Assembly within debated the Emergency Powers Bill, which gave the Government sweeping powers to cope with the coal strike crisis. New South Wales was the hardest hit of all the Australian states by the strike

BOTH SENTENCED TO IMPRISONMENT FOR CONTEMPT OF COURT : *Left*—John Hodge King, Secretary of the Western District of the Miners' Federation, leaving the court at Sydney after being sentenced to twelve months' gaol. He refused to disclose the whereabouts of a sum of £3,600A which he withdrew from the bank on behalf of his union, thus defying the Australian Government's Emergency Powers Bill. *Right*—John Leslie McPhillips, Secretary of the Ironworkers' Association, on his way back to Long Bay Prison

In the past few weeks Australian housewives have boiled water by candle-power, and power and transport cuts in New South Wales, necessitated by the Communist-inspired coal strike, have cost the State £600,000A per week. Mr. J. O. Cramer, Chairman of Sydney County Council electricity undertaking, was forced last month to admit crippling revenue losses. To conserve coal supplies, he declared, the power houses were using oil, and it was costing them four and a half times as much as coal. Numerous labour leaders have gone to gaol as a result of defying court orders with regard to the yielding up of union funds. At the time of writing there are signs of crumbling union solidarity, and opinion against the Communists has hardened.

THE WAGGONS ROLL AGAIN FROM THE NORTHERN COALFIELDS OF NEW SOUTH WALES, BUT WITH DUE PRECAUTIONS FOR THEIR SAFETY : *Left*—Police guarding a bridge at Weston, New South Wales, as the first train was expected with supplies of coal mined during the period before the strike. *Right*—The first train leaving the pithead at Cessnock, New South Wales. Strikers did not interfere with these "shipments," which they regarded as legitimate

A Survey of the Foreign News in Pictures

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

NEW ROOFS TO GO OVER THE HEADS OF AMERICA'S LEGISLATORS : Work in progress on the roof of the House of Representatives (*left*) and the Senate (*right*), the two companion wings of the Capitol Building, Washington, D.C.

When Mr. Connally, the Texas Democrat, who heads the Foreign Relations Committee, recently opened the debate on the ratification of the North Atlantic Treaty, he did so in a little temporary Senate Chamber which has had to be brought into use while repairs to the Senate Chamber are in progress. This temporary Senate Chamber, on the second floor of the Capitol Building, has in recent years been kept unused as a monument to the past. Before that it was occupied by the Supreme Court of the United States, and in the early days of the Republic it echoed to the words of James Monroe, the great Virginian statesman, who there pronounced his doctrine on American Foreign relations

THE COMPETITION FOR A NEW BRONZE DOOR LEADING TO ST. PETER'S BASILICA : P. Morbiducci is the artist responsible for this design which is now on exhibition at the Vatican, together with the work of ten other Italians and one Frenchman. A committee is about to make a final selection, and it is widely thought that its choice, to be announced in October, may fall on this work. A scale model of the complete door is shown on the left, and on the right is a plaster model of one of the panels. This plaster model shows His Holiness Pope Bonifacio VIII making the announcement of the First Holy Year in 1300. Seated at the foot of the panel are the figures of St. Paul and St. Peter. The inscription reads, "Knock and they will be opened to you"

RECALLING THE DAYS OF THE PONY EXPRESS AND THE WELLS-FARGO STAGE-COACH : On an open-air stage beside the waters of Lake Michigan this outdoor pageant depicting more than a century of progress in American transport is being presented at the Chicago Railroad Fair. Spectators see a thrilling hold-up with the coach-and-four brought to a standstill and the inevitable cargo of bullion duly changing hands

THE KINGDOM OF LAOS ACHIEVES INDEPENDENT STATUS WITHIN THE FRAME-WORK OF THE FRENCH UNION : King Sisvang Vong of Laos, signing the decree in Paris in the presence of M. Vincent Auriol (second from left), the President of the French Republic. Laos is one of the three associated states of Indo-China. It was brought under French rule in 1895 as a result of the journeys of Auguste Pavie, who traversed the kingdom between 1879 and 1895. Since 1947 its constitution has been analogous to that of Cambodia

ARGENTINA CELEBRATES INDEPENDENCE DAY : President Peron and his wife, Signora Peron, at the gala ball in Buenos Aires which came as the climax to the National Day. Standing on the left hand of the President were two distinguished visitors, General Canrobert Pereira Da Costa, the Brazilian Minister of War, and Lieut.-General Matthew B. Ridgway, United States Military Commander in the Caribbean Zone.

THE MONSOON HAS STARTED IN DELHI, AND THE HEAVY DOWNPOURS WHICH HAVE DROPPED THE TEMPERATURE HAVE AT THE SAME TIME BROUGHT MISERY AND HARDSHIP TO THE THOUSANDS OF REFUGEES WHO LIVE IN AND AROUND THE DOMINION CAPITAL: *Left*—Inmates of a refugee camp moving their few belongings after their tents had been inundated. *Right*—Youths working together to make a channel for the floodwaters in the hope of clearing the tented area. There are Government plans on foot to build real houses for these refugees, but some of them may be doomed to live in these pitiful conditions for several years to come owing to the inevitable shortage of materials and skilled labour

HOT RHYTHM FROM THE HEART OF AFRICA: The dance of the Akambas during a celebration in the Kenya highlands. These people, who live between the Tana River and the Mombasa-Nairobi Railway, are credited with extraordinary agility

AN AKAMBA DANCER PUTS OVER HIS BIG ACT: A native of the Kenya highlands doing a somersault, a spectacular figure in a tartan loin-cloth and a head-dress consisting of a baboon skin and feathers which look like tongues of flame. The Akambas are among the most acrobatic of all African tribes. For some reason the women of the tribe have equipped themselves with police whistles, and when these are blown rhythmically at the height of the dance they produce an extraordinary bagpipe effect

THE GUATEMALAN REVOLT—THE AFTERMATH OF THE FIGHTING IN GUATEMALA CITY: *Left*—A house pock-marked with bullet-holes after the desperate battle in the streets between the forces of General Arbenz, the Defence Minister, and the rebels, led by Colonel Fernandez Ilivares, whose headquarters was at Fort Guardia de Honor. *Right*—The flag of surrender being hoisted above the fort at the end of the abortive insurrection. The revolution broke out with the assassination of Colonel Francisco Xavier Arana, Chief of the Armed Services, on a remote country road. While the fighting lasted it was of great violence. This was the twentieth plot against the regime of President Arevalo since he was elected in December 1944 to a six-year term of office. A new election is due in March 1951. It was thought that General Arana might have proved a strong candidate for the Presidency for he had an enthusiastic following

WITH THE POLAR ESKIMOS OF THULE

Life Among the People of North-Western Greenland, Denmark's Far Northern Dominion where Tuberculosis has Wrought such Ravages

In Thule, Denmark's most north-westerly settlement in her Greenland Dominion, this is always a time of expectation, as the first supply ship of the year makes its way through the ice. After one of the most severe winters on record the present visit of the supply ship is particularly important, and among the supplies there are quantities of medical stores for the hospital at Thule. Thule is to have an improved clinic and a resident doctor, and the Danish Government is doing everything in its power to wipe out past criticisms of its Greenland administration. Tuberculosis has come to the people of the Far North through their contacts with civilisation, and it has bred rapidly in the unhygienic, overcrowded conditions of family life among the Eskimos in winter. It is at last showing signs of being checked at Thule, but it is still rife, as it is also in the southern settlements, where there is no less overcrowding.

The pictures on these pages give an intimate idea of life among the Eskimos of Thule, a race of great hunters who live almost entirely by their pursuit of the seal, the walrus and the polar bear, and craftsmen who fashion their own boats and sail them with consummate mastery among the Far Northern floes.

ON THE WAY OUT TO GREET THE FIRST SUPPLY SHIP OF THE YEAR : Two kayak-men accompanying a boat-load of local folk at Thule, the colony of Polar Eskimos in the far north-west of Greenland. The first supply ship generally gets through the ice in August, bringing supplies for the Eskimos and the resident Danes, and for the meteorologists working in this part of the Arctic. Thule Mountain is seen in the background of this picture. On its summit is a cairn built to the memory of Rasmussen, the part-Danish Eskimo explorer who did so much for the people of Greenland

LIFE ON THE SHORES OF NORTH-WESTERN GREENLAND : Thule Eskimos in their summer home. In winter the Eskimos live in mud huts, most of them with wood floors. There are chairs (usually broken) and boxes to sit on, and there is a communal bed-platform. The winter home is unhygienic in the extreme, and it is because of these conditions that tuberculosis has developed so devastatingly

A NEGRO OF THE NORTH : The part-Negro son of Matt Henson, a magnificent hunter and a hero among his fellow Thule Eskimos. In Danish Greenland there is no colour or racial bar, and intermixture between the Danes and the Eskimos has occurred to a very great extent

THE ESKIMO BOAT-BUILDER : The Polar Eskimos are clever craftsmen. They make all their own fishing and hunting equipment, including lake and sea fishing-nets. This picture shows a hunter building his kayak at the door of his hut at Thule. He uses a modern saw, plane, hammer and awls ; but his boat-building methods date back to the earliest Eskimo times. The framework of the kayak is neatly covered with seal-skin

THE ESKIMO SEAL HUNTER GOES INTO ACTION : *Left*—With the aid of a camouflage screen he approaches the quarry. *Right*—**Standing beside the seal which he killed before it could slip into its escape hole in the ice.** The seal is the mainstay of the Thule Eskimo, and he hunts it amid the smooth sea ice and the broken floes of springtime. So adept is he at stalking the wary seal that sometimes he gets close enough to knife it before it can reach its escape hole. When he is not equipped with a camouflage screen, as in this picture, the hunter emulates the seal's movements when stalking, even scratching the ice with a make-believe flipper. The Eskimo uses the skin of the seal for clothing and bedding, and for making the tents in which the people live in summer. The flesh, close-grained and reddish, is invariably eaten parboiled

CHILDREN OF THE FAR NORTH : Although subject to the scourge of tuberculosis, they have few other ailments, and rickets are almost unknown in Thule, where the children get all the Vitamin D they require from the raw seal and walrus meat

OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL AT THULE : A group of Polar Eskimos seated in the summer sun and listening to the radio, always a source of keen entertainment. The Eskimos are not always good patients in hospital, finding it difficult to understand hospital discipline, and such things as set eating times. One old Eskimo woman who went to the Thule hospital insisted on living in her own tent at the entrance

SPRINGTIME SPELLS DEATH FOR THE POLAR BEAR : During this season the Thule Eskimos hunt the bears among the icebergs of Melville Bay, where these 600-lb. animals are to be found in fair numbers. As the ice breaks up, the Eskimos take their dog-sledges on to the floes, and spend perhaps two months drifting among the bergs, during which period they live off the ice, eating seal and the flesh of the bears they shoot. Sometimes they are carried for hundreds of miles before being thrown up on the coast, from which they make their way back to Thule

THE KAYAK-MEN : In these light boats of their own making the Eskimos are almost as much at home in the sea as the seals they hunt. In walrus hunting the Eskimos may approach to within a few feet of the charging, roaring animal before throwing the harpoon and wheeling away to let the men in motor-boats fire with their rifles. The kayak is notoriously difficult to master

STAPLE INN IN SPLINTS

The Tudor Frontage Undergoes Close Examination: A Plan to Rebuild the Blitzed Hall

The news that the Great Hall of Staple Inn may be rebuilt is good indeed, and it only remains for the proposals to be approved by the War Damage Commission, and it seems that the work can go ahead. Staple Inn's Tudor frontage on Holborn only received superficial damage, but intensive examination for structural faults is now going on, as it is feared that bombing may have caused some movement in the structure, which consists of an Elizabethan front tied to a Georgian building. In the fifteenth century Staple Inn was an Inn of Chancery, but apparently it gained its name during a brief period in earlier days when it was a wool mart. It was purchased by the Benchers of Gray's Inn in 1529, and in Queen Elizabeth's reign there are records to show that there were 145 students in term and sixty-nine out. Amongst the Inns of Court it was inconspicuous, and in the eighteenth century indeed, Staple Inn fell into disuse as a legal school. Dr. Johnson lived at the Inn in 1759-60, and there, it is said, he wrote *Rasselas* in a week in order to pay for his mother's funeral. In Dickens's *Bleak House* the author made Staple Inn the favourite summer promenade of Mr. Snagsby

STAPLE INN IS MADE THE OBJECT OF AN INTENSIVE SURVEY: While scaffolding has been put up for painting and restoration work on the black-and-white Tudor frontage in Holborn, architects are taking the opportunity of making a careful survey to see whether any more serious restoration is necessary. There is also a plan on foot to rebuild the Great Hall in the courtyard behind the Tudor frontage. This hall, which was destroyed by a flying bomb during 1944, was built in 1581

"THERE WAS NOT A QUIETER SPOT IN ENGLAND THAN THIS, AND IT WAS VERY STRANGE TO HAVE DRIFTED INTO IT SO SUDDENLY OUT OF THE BUSTLE AND RUMBLE OF HOLBORN": It was in these words that Nathaniel Hawthorne described the courtyard of Staple Inn on an occasion when he "went astray in Holborn" and stumbled unexpectedly upon the Inn

THE GARDEN OF STAPLE INN, WHERE CITY WORKERS DELIGHT TO ADJOURN DURING THE LUNCH HOUR: Under the new plan, the old Tudor hall will be rebuilt on the site of this garden, and the garden will be moved to the blitzed site of the hall. By the reversal of the site in this way there will be provided uninterrupted views across Staple Inn courtyard to the new hall, which is to be rebuilt on the original lines. It will be of yellow stock bricks with stone mullioned windows and the original stained glass, which was taken to a place of safety at the beginning of the war and thus escaped the bombing

KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY, HONOURS THOSE MEMBERS OF THE SCHOOL WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR: While the boys and the visitors gathered outside the Norman arches Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery, who was educated at the King's School, unveiled the tablet of Hoptonwood stone placed under one of the arches near the Norman staircase and opposite the 1914-18 roll of honour

ENGLAND'S OLDEST PUBLIC SCHOOL COMMEMORATES ITS WAR DEAD

Lord Montgomery Unveils the Memorial at the King's School, Canterbury

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY CARRIES OUT THE UNVEILING: The Chief of the Western Union Defence Committee with Colonel Budd, President of the Old Kent School Association. Facing them is the tablet of Hoptonwood stone

BENEATH THE NORMAN ARCHES OF KING'S SCHOOL: The congregation standing in the courtyard as a hymn was sung after the unveiling of the King's School War Memorial and prayers of commendation and thanksgiving had been offered by the Archbishop of Canterbury

THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY: Dr. Hewlett Johnson, who is the Chairman of the Governors of King's School, and Dr. Fisher arriving for the unveiling ceremony at the King's School. The Archbishop dedicated the memorial

King's School, Canterbury, traces its origin back to the times of Ethelbert and Augustine, and it may indeed be the oldest of the English public schools. It is called the King's School because in 1541 it was refounded by Henry VIII, but there is no doubt that it is the descendant of a school which existed in the seventh century. When it was refounded in 1541 the Master of the Archbishop's School, named Twyne, became the first Master of the King's School, and thus was the continuity preserved. In 1946 King George VI visited the King's School, and personally presented a Royal Charter as a tribute to the school's great contributions to the country and the Commonwealth. July 25, 1949, was another red-letter day in the long history of the school, and the unveiling of the war memorial by Viscount Montgomery brought together a large gathering, including relatives of the fallen. Lord Montgomery mentioned in his address that one of the names on the memorial was that of one of his A.D.Cs. A. D. B. Harre, who was killed at Alamein.

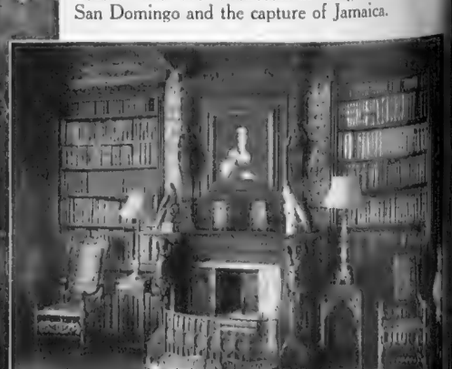
HINCHINGBROOKE, HUNTINGDON, THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE EARLS OF SANDWICH, SEEN FROM THE SOUTH-WEST: This is known as the Charles II wing. The part on the right is of older date, however, and the great bow window dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century. Hinchingbrooke has lately been in the news as the result of the action of the Cromwell Association in handing over to it an important collection of Cromwellian heirlooms. Hinchingbrooke has a history dating back to the Norman Conquest, and it was probably founded by the Conqueror himself as a Benedictine Nunnery, but chief interest inevitably centres upon the century during which it was in the possession of the Cromwell family. In the library is a wonderful series of manuscripts of the Cromwellian and Restoration periods

The Treasures of HINCHINGBROOKE

The Famous Huntingdon Mansion which has Lately been Enriched by a Collection of Cromwellian Heirlooms

The news that the Cromwell Association has made additions to the heirlooms of Hinchingbrooke is welcome indeed, for Hinchingbrooke is a veritable treasure-house of the Cromwellian and Restoration periods. Three great Englishmen in particular have in its friendly halls—Oliver Cromwell, Samuel Pepys and the ancestor of the present owner, Admiral Sir Edward Montagu, first Earl of Sandwich. All of them are represented in the remarkable Hinchingbrooke documents stored in the library. Most interesting of all the documents is perhaps the note that the first Earl, then young Edward Montagu, scribbled at the Council Board of his cousin, the Lord Protector. The Council was debating war with Spain, and we read of the worldly Lambert's fears and objections, of Cromwell's deep eagerness, just as if it had all happened yesterday. The upshot of that stormy debate was the unsuccessful English attempt on San Domingo and the capture of Jamaica.

THE GREAT LIBRARY AT HINCHINGBROOKE: Most important among the manuscripts are the original notes taken by the first Lord Sandwich during a Cabinet discussion with regard to the West Indies between Cromwell and Lambert. There is also the first Earl of Sandwich's Journal, in which in his own handwriting he describes the Battle of Lowestoft, and a letter from Charles II to his Admiral, Lord Sandwich, introducing the young poet Rochester, who wished to enter the Service



HUYSMANN'S PORTRAIT OF JEMIMA, WIFE OF THE FIRST EARL OF SANDWICH, STANDS OVER THE MANTELPIECE IN THE LIBRARY. The mantelpiece was the work of Charles II's master-joiner Kennard. The fine wall-covering is of embossed Spanish leather

THE OLD NUNNERY AT HINCHINGBROOKE: It was round this north wing that the Cromwell family and the Montagus built the great mansion. Hinchingbrooke passed into the hands of Oliver Cromwell's family in 1538 when Richard Williams, nephew of Thomas Cromwell, Henry VIII's minister, was granted it by the King. He took the name of Cromwell from his uncle, and married an heiress. Then followed two prodigal generations of Cromwells, Sir Henry, the lavish "Golden Knight," and Sir Oliver, who continued his father's open-handedness until he had to sell the house in 1627 to Sir Sydney Montagu

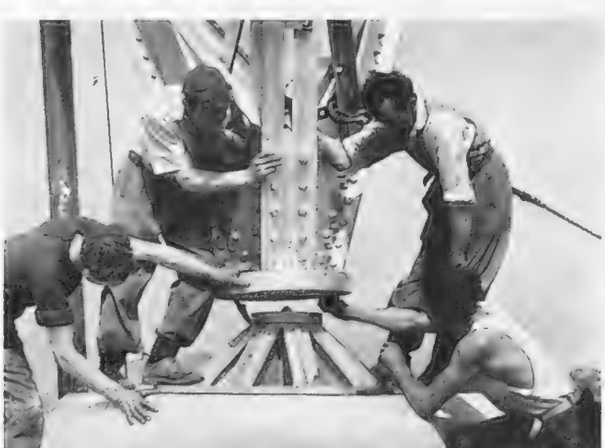
THE GATEHOUSE, SET UP IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY BY THE PRODIGAL SIR HENRY CROMWELL, THE SO-CALLED "GOLDEN KNIGHT": The gatehouse, believed to have been constructed from material filched from an abbey, is in the Early English style. The figures, representing wild men from the woods, do not fit the niches, and they may have been placed there in 1603 as an added adornment on the occasion of the visit to Hinchingbrooke of King James I. It was at the dissolution of the monasteries that Hinchingbrooke passed into the hands of the Cromwell family, there to remain for close-on a century

BELOW THE SEA: ABOVE THE LAND

The "Benthoscope" Makes a Test Dive; A New Loading Shovel; Britain's Tallest Television Mast

THE "BENTHOSCOPE" MAKES A TEST DIVE IN LONG BEACH HARBOUR, CALIFORNIA: *On left*—**Dr. Maurice Nelles assists Dr. Otis Barton from the "Benthoscope," after a successful test, when a 340-ft. dive was made.** *On right*—**The 7,000-lb. "Benthoscope" is hauled to the surface after the test dive. Note the three cable-drum wheels on which the bell can be pulled along the sea-bed. The third wheel is at the rear and can just be seen in front of the hull of the "Spicewood."** On its first test, the University of Southern California's new diving-bell sprang a leak when only 35 ft. down. The bell is 4½ ft. in diameter and is constructed of 1¾-in. cast steel to withstand pressures at 11,000 ft. The next tests made by the New York scientist, Dr. Otis Barton, were more successful, a depth of 340 ft. being successfully reached

A NEW BRITISH-BUILT LOADING SHOVEL, WHICH CAN LIFT ⅞TH CUBIC YARD: The Bray Hydraloader was demonstrated recently at Feltham, in Middlesex. The machine, the first of its type in this country, is hydraulically operated and the bucket is raised and lowered by a single control lever. The Hydraloader has many features entirely new to the British market; compactness of design, giving easy manœuvrability, being an important improvement. A front section can be bolted on very simply, which converts the Bray Hydraloader into a powerful and efficient bulldozer



SETTING THE FIRST 25-FT. SECTION OF THE GREAT NEW TOWER, WHICH WILL BRING TELEVISION WITHIN THE RANGE OF THOUSANDS MORE VIEWERS. Note the steel ball, in the centre of the base plate, which will form the pivot of the mast

BRITAIN'S TALLEST TELEVISION MAST: RAISING THE BASE OF THE TUBULAR TOP SECTION TO THE 600-FT. LEVEL: The mast is triangular up to 600 ft. and the tubular structure will rise a further 105 ft. Television will come to the Midlands when the 750-ft. mast is completed at Sutton Coldfield for the B.B.C. The triangular mast is 600 ft. high, above which is 105 ft. of tubular structure, surmounted by a 45-ft.-high television aerial. The mast, weighing upwards of 90 tons, has had to be designed so that, while being stable in all respects, it is also capable of movement about its base in the strong winds which may be expected during the winter. The mast, therefore, is registered on a specially designed, slightly curved base plate, in the centre of which the whole mast pivots. Considerable skill and ingenuity were called for by the designers, engineers and experts of British Insulated Callender's Construction Company

The World of Aeronautics

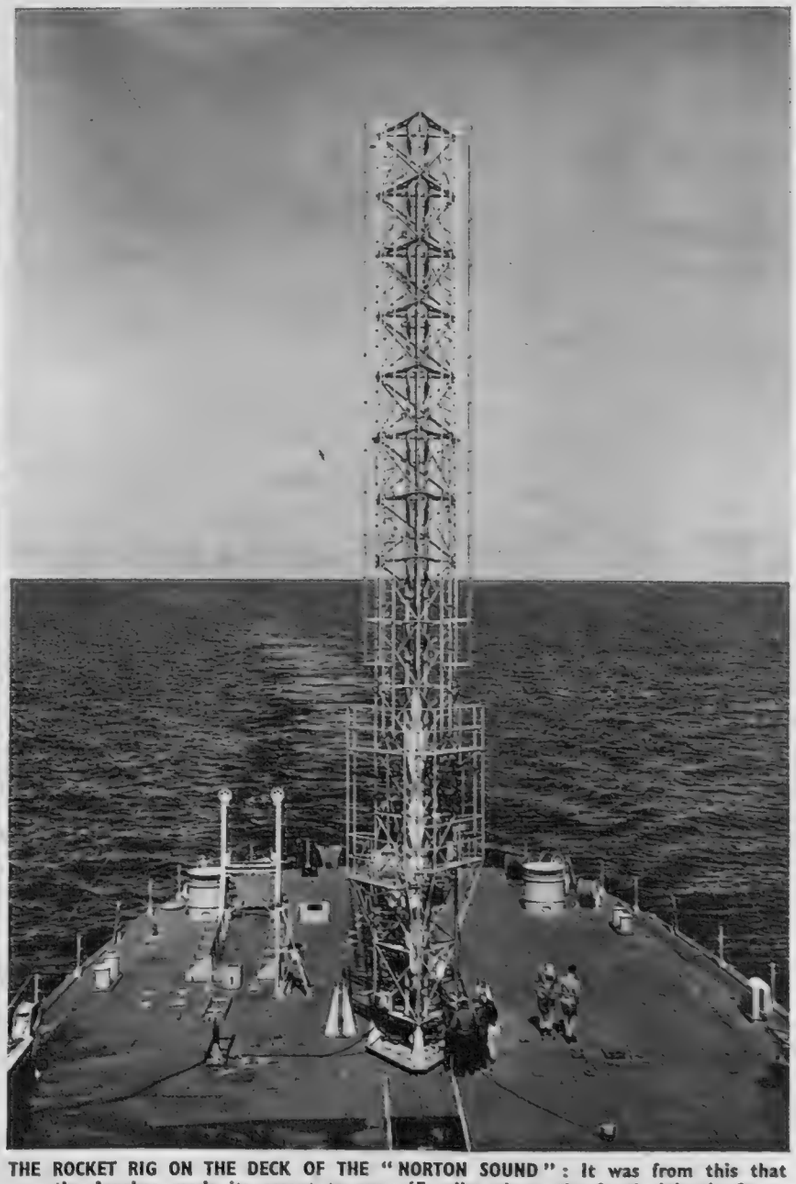
THE FIRST AMPHIBIOUS HELICOPTER

A U.S. Naval Rocket is Discharged from the Deck of the U.S.S. *Norton Sound*

A SIKORSKI HELICOPTER LANDS ON THE SEA : Here the H 54, equipped with floats through which the wheels project, is seen coming down on the sunlit waters of the Atlantic. The Sikorski is now standard equipment with the United States Air Force and also the United States Navy

A UNITED STATES AIR FORCE RESCUE HELICOPTER LANDS ON THE BEACH : It will be seen how the four wheels project through the floats. They are not retractable, as they in no way interfere with sea landings. Above the open door of the Sikorski's cockpit can be seen the hydraulic rescue hoist. The bubbles on the side of the fuselage indicate the position of the litters in which rescued injured may be transported. The new equipment is now certified for commercial operation

PROBING THE SECRETS OF THE UPPER AIR : This dramatic picture was taken from the superstructure of the American seaplane tender "Norton Sound" as a Navy Aerobee rocket was fired from the deck, the experiment being carried out 700 miles off the West Coast of South America. Data obtained from instruments installed in the nose of the rocket has revealed that cosmic ray intensity above the atmosphere at the geomagnetic Equator is twice as great as scientists have previously been led to believe. The rocket, designed primarily for high-altitude research, reached a height of more than 65 miles. By observing the powerful cosmic ray particles and studying the changes they undergo in flight, scientists hope to obtain a new and clearer understanding of nuclear forces

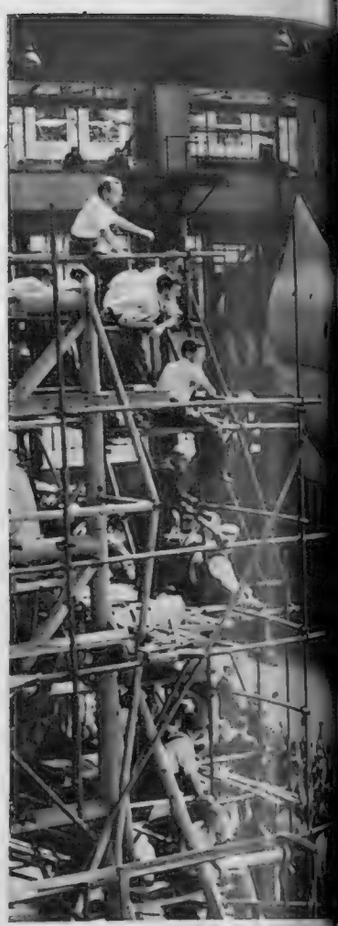


THE ROCKET RIG ON THE DECK OF THE "NORTON SOUND" : It was from this that the Aerobee made its ascent to over 65 miles above the South Atlantic Ocean in search of information regarding cosmic rays. The "Norton Sound" is a seaplane tender of the Curituck class with a displacement of 9,090 tons

THE FIRST OF THE 140-TON PRINCESS FLYING-BOATS IN ITS FITTING-OUT SITE IN THE GREAT HANGAR OF SAUNDERS-ROE AT COWES: This view looks forward along the fuselage from the point where the tail assembly will be added when the task of fitting-out gets under way. Up to now the vast flying-boat has been on the stocks. The fitting-out takes place in a hangar, not in a dock, as in ship construction. It is hoped that this machine, the first of the three clippers, will be delivered to B.O.A.C. by the end of 1950

LIKE A MINIATURE LINER: This will be the main deck of the clipper. In the centre is a stairway leading to the upper deck. Passengers will have more freedom of movement than in the average land-based air-liner

THE MEN WHO PLANNED THE CLIPPER: Sir Arthur Gouge, Vice-Chairman of Saunders-Roe, and Mr. H. Knowler, chief designer



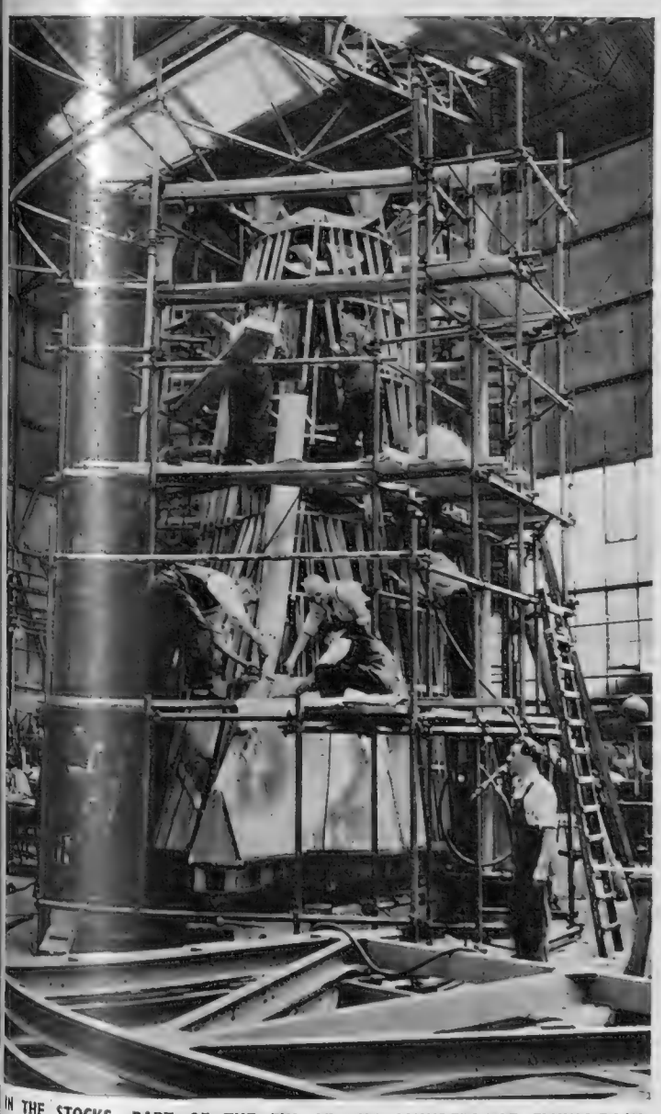
A PRINCESS LEAVES the STOCKS

The First of Three 140-ton Flying Boats for B.O.A.C.

Britain is now the only country building flying-boats on a big scale, a remarkable fact when it is considered that flying-boats are as popular to-day as ever they were, giving a degree of safety on our Commonwealth routes that has won the confidence of passengers. In the face of big operating losses it is not certain how far B.O.A.C. will want to proceed with clipper construction, particularly in view of the heavy expense involved in maintaining separate marine bases, but at the moment they are committed to taking over three 140-ton clippers of the Princess class, one of which, as depicted on these pages, has just left the stocks at East Cowes preparatory to fitting-out.

The first of these Princess flying-boats built by Saunders-Roe is, indeed, in an advanced state of construction and, the work being up to schedule, it is probable she will make her first flight in 1950. The aircraft will have the range and speed to maintain non-stop services between Britain and the United States, allowing for the possibility of meeting headwinds up to 90 m.p.h. This calls for a range in still air of 5,500 miles. The cruising speed will be 380 m.p.h., and the clippers will fly above the weather at an average height of 40,000 ft. The prototype will have ten Bristol Proteus engines of 3,500 h.p. each, so that 1 h.p. will be available for each 9 lb. of weight, giving a high margin of pressurised power and promising a sustained high speed. Eight of the engines will be coupled, but each will be able to continue in operation should its twin fail. There will be two single turbine units in the outboard positions. With full tanks the aircraft will carry 15,000 gallons of petrol weighing 49 tons. This will be 35 per cent. of the all-up weight. Operating at extreme range the clipper will carry eighty-five passengers, but its maximum load will be 105 passengers.

AFTER THE SCAFFOLDING HAD BEEN REMOVED : The hull of the first of the Princess flying-boats ready for the fitting-out process. This flying-boat has the largest metal structure ever built for an aircraft. When completed the clipper will have a wing span of just under 220 ft., an overall length of 148 ft. and a beam of 16 ft. 8 ins. The fuselage will accommodate 105 passengers



IN THE STOCKS—PART OF THE FIN OF THE SAUNDERS-ROE FLYING-BOAT : The fin, towering to a height of nearly 56 ft., is constructed in separate units and will be attached to the fuselage during fitting out

A BOWS-ON VIEW OF THE FUSELAGE WITH THE STOCKS REMOVED : Since the removal of the stocks the hull has been dragged on its cradle by men operating a hand winch, and it now stands upright in the very centre of the great hangar space

The Home News in Pictures

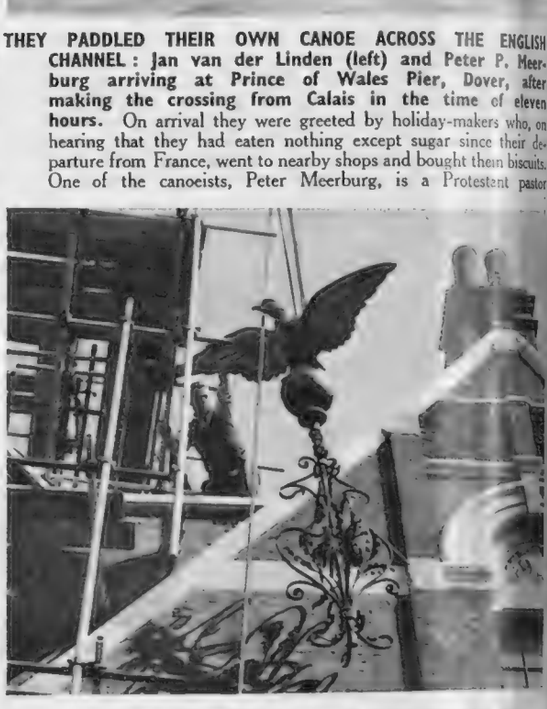
FROM LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

MUSSELBURGH STARTS ITS WEEK OF FESTIVAL—THE "CRUSADERS' CHASE" IS LED BY "THE HONEST LAD AND THE HONEST LASS": Mr. John Galloway and Miss Janet Gay, who played the historic roles of The Honest Lad and Honest Lass, watched by a large crowd on the old Roman bridge as they forded the Esk at Musselburgh at the head of the traditional cavalcade. They then rode through all the districts of Musselburgh and on to Fa'side Castle, where Mr. James Archibald read the "Crusader's Charter" and handed over the flag to "the honest lad." When this flag is hoisted the surrounding districts know that Musselburgh is once again en fête. As the riders returned home they were met by a band

THEY PADDLED THEIR OWN CANOE ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL: Jan van der Linden (left) and Peter P. Meerburg arriving at Prince of Wales Pier, Dover, after making the crossing from Calais in the time of eleven hours. On arrival they were greeted by holiday-makers who, on hearing that they had eaten nothing except sugar since their departure from France, went to nearby shops and bought them biscuits. One of the canoeists, Peter Meerburg, is a Protestant pastor

A BIG JUMPING WINNER AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW: Miss Kellett, of Eire, with her mount Rusty after their joint success in Princess Elizabeth's Cup. This trophy, open only to women riders from all nations, was keenly contested, Rusty emerging the winner with a series of absolutely faultless rounds

THE ENGAGEMENT OF F. G. MANN: The Middlesex and England cricketer with his bride-to-be, twenty-two-year-old Miss Margaret Clark, daughter of the general manager of the South African Railways. They met last year when Mann was leading the M.C.C. touring side in the Union. Owing to his father's illness, Mann is having to devote increasing time to business, and it was for this reason that he was unable to accept the captaincy for the last two Tests against New Zealand



"UP AND DOWN THE CITY ROAD—IN AND OUT THE EAGLE—THAT'S THE WAY THE MONEY GOES—POP GOES THE WEASEL": Everyone knows the old nursery rhyme, but of lesser fame is the old Eagle public-house in the City Road which has just replaced its sign which was taken to the country for safety during the war years. The eagle now proudly spreads its wings again as an invitation to East Londoners to go "in and out the Eagle"

SOME CHAMPIONS-TO-BE DOWN AT THE NATIONAL STUD—A CAMERA VISIT TO THE FAMOUS BREEDING ESTABLISHMENT NOW REMOVED FROM NORTHERN IRELAND TO THE MEADOWLAND ROUND GILLINGHAM, DORSET: *Left*—Fair Profit, with her foal by Big Game, the King's 2,000 Guineas winner and leading sire of 1948. *Right*—Mr. Burrell, Director of the National Stud, with Annetta, winner of the Irish 1,000 Guineas, and her latest foal, seen peering over her back

The National Stud, from which His Majesty the King leases his thoroughbreds, is now well and truly established in its new headquarters at Gillingham, Dorset, under the direction of Mr. Peter Burrell. The star turn of the establishment is the 2,000 Guineas winner Big Game, which carried the King's colours to success in 1942 and last year produced the winners of no fewer than forty-three races valued at over £40,000. Big Game is indeed proving a really great sire, and his latest crop of foals, the classic prospects of 1952 and the Goodwood and Ascot favourites of 1953, are said to be well up to standard. The National Stud is the most profitable of concerns. It owes its origin to the late Lord Wavertree (remembered best perhaps as Colonel Hall Walker), and has produced a host of fine performers, including that flying filly Myrabella, now one of the stately matrons of Gillingham

AFTER THE ALL-NIGHT SESSION OF PARLIAMENT: Mr. Lewis Silkin (centre, right), Minister of Town and Country Planning, leaving the House of Commons after the Steel Debate in which the Lords amendments to the Iron and Steel Bill were discussed. They had sat for twenty-two hours, and adjourned shortly after mid-day. It may be necessary in the face of Lords opposition to resort to the procedure of the Parliament Act to force the Iron and Steel Bill into law

NEGOTIATING A NEW BILATERAL CIVIL AIR TRANSPORT AGREEMENT: The United Kingdom and Canadian delegations in session at Ariel House, London. Those taking part are (right to left)—Mr. G. S. Lindgren, M.P., Lord Pakenham, Minister of Civil Aviation; the Hon. Lionel Chevrier, K.C., Canadian Minister of Transport; Sir George Cribbett, Deputy Secretary, Ministry of Civil Aviation; Messrs. G. S. Hill, P. J. Hosegood, and I. Lawton, Ministry of Civil Aviation; Mr. Anson McKim, Trans-Canada Airlines; Mr. J. R. Baldwin, chairman, Canadian Air Transport Board; Mr. A. S. McDonald, legal adviser to the Canadian Air Transport Board; and Mr. J. M. Weld, of Canada House

LONGLEAT, THE TOURISTS' MECCA—CROWDS VISIT THE WILTSHIRE HOME OF THE MARQUESS OF BATH: *Left*—Visitors waiting to be admitted to the public rooms of the famous mansion. *Right*—At the entrance the visitors are offered a 2s. 6d. book describing Longleat. It is the work of the Marchioness of Bath

These pictures show the success which has followed the opening of Longleat House, Wiltshire, at 2s. 6d. a head. Every fine week-end many hundreds queue to see the house and its treasures. The tour takes the best part of two hours. Many visitors purchase a well-produced book on the house for 2s. 6d. Lord Bath autographs copies while you wait in the queue. The Marchioness and members of the family share the task of describing each room to the public. Large car parks accommodate coaches and cars; while ice-cream vendors, "happy snap" men and traffic attendants make up a scene never before witnessed. Longleat was built between 1568 and 1580 by Sir John Thynne, and contains one of the finest private libraries in Europe. Here were feasted Elizabeth, Charles II and George III. The Duke of Monmouth sought shelter here in 1680, and Bishop Ken made it his home until his death in 1714. Lord Bath has been asked: "Do you want the public here?" and he has honestly said, "No, but I am faced with economic necessity."

THE GENTLE ART OF CANINE RECOGNITION: Police officers consulting their new chart at Cannon Row Station. These charts, containing representations in colour of ninety-five different breeds, have been circulated by the Canine Defence League to all police stations. On an average it is estimated each London police station finds at least one dog a day, so the charts should be in regular use

A FLURRY AT C.P.R. HEADQUARTERS: Members of the crew of the Canadian freighter "Beaverbrae," the ship which was the focal-point of the dock dispute, seen at the double leaving the offices of the Canadian Pacific by the Leadenhall Street entrance. They had just heard that two of their comrades, McIsaac and Doucette, had been arrested in connection with the attack on William Bell and Donald Hudson at the Tidal Basin Tavern. Although they raced along Leadenhall Street to the rear of the offices, they were too late to contact the police squad which had taken McIsaac and Doucette away

IN ENGLAND'S GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND

FISHING THE TWEED NEAR KELSO: *Above*—An angler fishing a large pool, *and below*, two anglers operating from a rowing-boat on a bend on the river. Both pictures show how empty the river is after long weeks of drought. The Tweed, second only in fame to the Tay as a salmon river, rises in Peeblesshire and flows across that county, Selkirkshire and Roxburghshire. Beyond Kelso it forms the boundary between Berwickshire and Northumberland, and it continues to do so until within two miles of its mouth

HARVEST-TIME IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND—LOOKING DOWN ON THE KENTISH COUNTRYSIDE TO THE WEST OF ROCHESTER, WHERE MANY FIELDS OF BARLEY, OATS AND WHEAT HAVE BEEN GATHERED, OR ARE READY FOR GATHERING, AND WHERE A BUMPER APPLE CROP IS ANTICIPATED: Everywhere in England the corn has been ripening fast in the intense heat, and in many districts cutting has been in full swing for a week or more. Great stretches of barley from Hertfordshire to Norfolk promise to yield well, the rain having come more opportunely than in other counties, where some fields look a trifle thin

A THREAT TO A 700-YEAR-OLD CHURCH: St. Augustine's Church at Brookland, in the Romney Marshes, is in need of immediate repairs, and it is said that part of the building is in danger of collapsing. An appeal has been launched in order to start repairs at once. An unusual feature of the church is its three-tier steeple, which rises abruptly from the ground. It is believed that it was placed low in order to avoid the high winds of the marshland

THE SWEETEST HARVEST IN ENGLAND: In Norfolk they have been gathering the lavender crop on the estate of Mr. Linn Chilvers, a Hunstanton nurseryman. It is the sixteenth crop of its kind garnered by Mr. Chilvers, who has seen his lavender acreage expand from 10 to 90 acres. In a disused barn at Fring he has built his distillation plant, where the precious lavender oil is extracted. Since the war lavender oil has been proving a valuable export

ROAMING THE DUKE OF BEDFORD'S ESTATE AT WOBURN ABBEY: Four members of the rare herd of bison, now reduced to sixteen, seen on the grasslands of Bedfordshire. These animals are extremely valuable, the only others of their kind being behind the Iron Curtain in Russia and Poland. Thanks to Russian co-operation the Duke of Bedford's herd has lately been strengthened by the addition of a bull from Russia, and there the herd is now beginning to breed again. These European bison stand nearly 6 ft. high, and, exclusive of the tail, the animals are about 10 ft. long

Matters Zoological

HONEYMOON TIME for the BISON and the OKAPI

At Woburn Abbey and the London Zoo

A SHY YOUNG BISON MAKES HIS BOW: In the centre of the group is one of the three calves born at Woburn during the present year. It is hoped that the Duke of Bedford's famous herd will now grow steadily as a result of the introduction of new blood from Russia

AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD BULL BISON: A fine specimen on the Woburn Abbey estate. It will be seen how the massive head of the bison is supported by powerful muscles which create a protuberance or hump

BUTA AND ZENDY MAKE ACQUAINTANCE AT REGENT'S PARK: *Above* and *on left*—The two okapis at London Zoo met for the first time last month when the three-year-old Zendy, who had just arrived from Africa, joined twenty-year-old Buta, the bachelor, who has lived a solitary and celibate life in the Zoo for the past twelve years. Buta, who is the larger of the two animals, was browsing quietly in his enclosure when the door opened and Zendy slipped self-consciously on to the scene. Within a short time Buta had recovered from his surprise and was paying court to the lady. Zendy, true to her sex, paraded round the enclosure showing off her striped elegance. They are believed to be the only pair of okapi in captivity. It is only sixty years ago since the species was first discovered by a European, Junker discovering a specimen in the Nepo district of Central Africa and recording it in his diary. At the time he mistook it for a species of zebra antelope

THE COLORADO BEETLE, ENEMY OF THE POTATO PLANT : After winter hibernation the beetle appears from the ground. The male beetle fertilises the female and the latter then lays eggs on the leaves of the potato plant. The eggs hatch out into pink larvæ with rounded backs, and these larvæ then proceed to eat the leaves of the potato plant (they do not attack the tubers), and the beetles, male and female, also eat the leaves. After the larva has shed several skins the life-cycle begins to assert itself. The larva drops to earth, there to bury itself at a depth of about 10 ins. It then becomes the pupa, and after a number of days the woolly-formed beetle once again emerges. The beetle is easily recognised by its striped back and hard wing case

FIGHTING THE COLORADO BEETLE

Experiments at Cambridge, and Field Work in Normandy

On the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains the Colorado beetle was first observed in 1850. After that its eastward march was almost as spectacular as was the westward march of the American people. This destroyer of potato crops was observed in Nebraska in 1859, in Illinois in 1864, in Ohio in 1869, and in New York in 1874. For a while it was held up by the ocean barrier, but less than half-a-century later the pest had begun to breed on the European side of the Atlantic. Colorado beetles were first observed in Bordeaux in 1921 and 1922, and thereafter they penetrated into Belgium, Switzerland, Germany and Holland. England has up to now been fortunate, but the beetle has appeared in counties as far apart as Glamorgan, Devon and Essex. Now the fight is on to keep it at bay, and the pictures on this page, taken at the Bourn Laboratories, Cambridge, and in the fields of Normandy show how the battle is being waged. From Strasbourg to Brittany spraying went on in the early part of this summer. It was concentrated particularly upon the Cherbourg Peninsula, where the main potato-growing areas are on the coast at the point nearest to Jersey.

HIS DIET IS UNCONTAMINATED CLOVER : A rabbit at the Pest Control Laboratories at Bourn, Cambridge, where rabbits and guinea-pigs are fed plants which, by pre-arrangement, have, or have not been injected with insecticides through the sap stream. The results obtained have provided valuable information in the war against the Colorado beetle, the insatiable enemy of the potato plant

OPERATING A GROUND SPRAY MACHINE : This is one method of spraying the potato crop with a view to combating the beetle, but spraying by helicopter has proved speedier. *Below*—A Colorado beetle on a potato leaf

DEATH TO THE COLORADO BEETLE IN THE FIELDS OF NORMANDY : This work, under international control and directed from Paris by Dr. Raymond Poutiers, Chief of the Plant Protection Service, has been taking place over an area extending from Strasbourg to Brittany. It is intended not only to keep the Colorado beetle in check in France, but to prevent it from making any further inroads in the Channel Isles. The spray from the helicopter mixes with the downward current from the exhaust, driving it down with such force that it rebounds from the ground to coat the undersides of the leaves

NO 40-HOUR WEEK for CONSULS

The Many and Diverse Problems of Their Working Day

By CHARLES GRAVES

THOUSANDS of British visitors will be visiting the Continent this year, and will be finding towards the end of their stay that they have run out of funds. Many of them automatically will make their way to the nearest British Consul (there are over a thousand of them scattered round the world) in order to borrow enough money to see them home again. They will be unlucky. Unkind though it may seem, his Majesty's Government dissociates itself entirely from private debts incurred by private individuals on the Continent or elsewhere. It is true that if a British subject meets with an accident or an illness which compels him (or her) to spend extra money on doctors, nurses and hospitals, or is robbed of purse or pocket-book, a visit to the consulate will be beneficial—up to a point. In the case of a robbery, the victim must first lodge a report with the local police station explaining in detail how much money is involved and what were the circumstances of its disappearance. If the victim can persuade the police that the loss is genuine he will receive a sympathetic hearing from his Majesty's consular representative, and will be provided with enough money to return to the U.K. The victim will, however, be deprived of his or her passport, for which is substituted a Certificate of Nationality. The passport is temporarily impounded until the money involved is refunded from the U.K.

Similarly, a visitor who is struck down by illness or a vehicle is supplied with suitable funds during convalescence and further funds necessary for transport to England. In this case, too, the passport of the invalid is impounded until recompense has been paid. It is no good, therefore, thinking you can "blow" your £50, go to the nearest British Consulate, and ask for your return fare, quite apart from money to cover the last few days of your visit in the foreign country which you have selected for your holiday.

No, our consuls-general, consuls and vice-consuls have no authority to salve you from deliberate monetary difficulties. In any event, they are much too busy.

Let us take the case of Mr. Ronald Watkinson, Consul-General for Naples. Every minute of his day is occupied by a whole series of different problems which he has to solve on the spot. Primarily his duty is to oil the wheels of the local authorities, to answer requests for information from commercial firms in Great Britain, to "vet," refuse or give visas, to arrange the bulk purchase of fresh stores for ships of the Royal Navy which put into harbour at Naples, to organise Anglo-Italian social occasions, to pay pensions, register births and deaths of British subjects in the locality, to keep in touch with the war graves of British casualties—in fact, to carry out a thousand-and-one duties from conciliating the police to providing a monthly return of passports.

The duties of vice-consuls, consuls and consuls-general of course vary enormously according to their locality. The Consul-General in Lyons, Turin or Detroit, will automatically be more concerned with trade returns and commercial conditions than in anything else in these cities. Naples being, after Malta, one of the chief ports of call for H.M. Mediterranean Fleet, the Consul-General is much more concerned with the Royal Navy and, incidentally, with the Mercantile Marine, than he would be if stationed at Rome or Milan. But wherever the consulate may be situated, the consular representative of His Majesty's Government spends an enormous amount of time in dealing with visas. In Naples this is particularly the case, because there is a number of refugee camps where displaced persons are temporarily housed before being accepted by Australia and other parts of the Empire. All applications for emigration have to be carefully scrutinised, although many of the enquiries are entirely superficial. True, there are apparently hundreds of English farmers anxious to re-employ thousands of Italian ex-prisoners of war who have returned to their native land and now wish to return to this country. Unless, however, the would-be Italian emigrants can produce specific requests and guarantees from employers in the United Kingdom or the British Empire, they are merely wasting the time of the consul-general, vice-consul, and his various subordinates. On an average, less than 200 applications for emigration are granted out of 2,000 applicants who have been personally interviewed or written to the consulate. Mr. Ronald Watkinson is a typical hard-working Consul-General, who keeps careful record of all the activities of visitors to his headquarters. A glance down the files of his interviews and correspondence during the past few weeks shows a series of complicated items, all of which have to be cleared as quickly as possible. Thus, there are two Englishmen currently running a small hotel in the island of Ischia who complain that their local rivals are doing their best to put them out of business, accusing them of being anti-Italian, of smuggling, of all sorts of things. It is the job of Mr. Watkinson's Consulate to see that they get a square deal and that the police protect them. Another item refers to the problem of the rank of the new tenant of the British Consulate at Bari. Should he be a vice-consul? An acting-consul? Or a full consul? If he is merely a vice-consul he loses "face" and becomes junior to the Greek Consul at Bari.

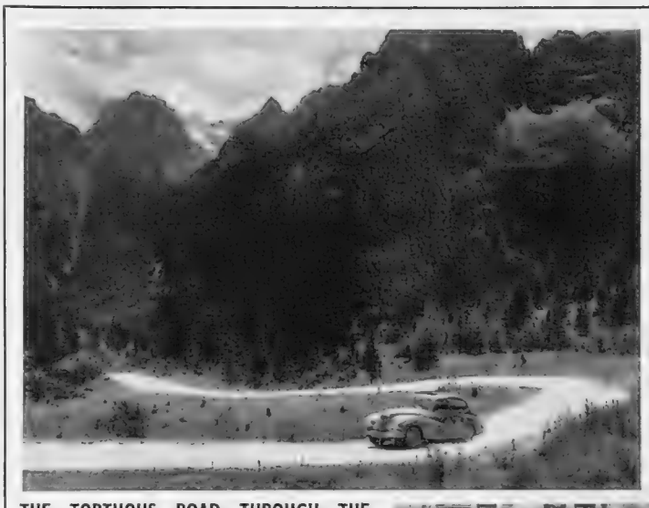
A visit by the ships of the Royal Navy means the organisation not only of football, swimming and boating facilities, but access to the races, the temporary membership of yachting clubs and swimming clubs for the officers, contacting tourist agencies for excursions to Pompeii, but also the giving of cocktail parties and dinners to which invitations have to be sent out in exact proportions to the local British colony and Neapolitan socialites. Routine items include the problem of the British coloured seaman who "skipped" his ship, got into trouble with the local police, and has had to be repatriated to Zanzibar. Immediately afterwards comes an item concerning a British firm requiring a reputable agency which will supply it with ropes. Next comes a notice of marriage, which has to be exhibited for twenty-one days on the general notice-board of the consulate before the municipal authorities can be provided with a "no-objection" certificate enabling the couple to be married.

There are only 240 British subjects in Naples, but they can create a number of headaches for Mr. Watkinson. They include four-dozen wives of British ex-Servicemen, most of whom have never been to England, and some of whom have no wish to do so, anyway. They all want their marriage allowance, including those whose husbands don't ever wish to see them again. Another routine item is correspondence about war graves, and a request for photographs of some loved one's cross. One other regular trouble is a letter from an English ex-Serviceman whose fiancée has ceased to write him, and what will the consul do about it. Occasionally a British subject is jailed, and sends a note to the consul asking for his release. This is unusual, however. It is seldom that the Italian police keep a British subject in prison, except for some very serious offence. Equally rare, though it sometimes happens, is the unexpected appearance of a British soldier who has deserted from our armed forces in Trieste and, having failed to stow himself abroad to England, asks for repatriation or to be returned to his unit.

The life, in fact, of Mr. Watkinson is a daily whirligig. He may receive calls from a peripatetic author like myself, asking for local information. It may be a Home Office request for the exact legal position of Italian prisoners of war still incarcerated in an island off Naples for infamous conduct to British troops during the war. It may be a request from the Ministry of Health or the Ministry of Food about available stocks of hemp or fresh lemons available in the vicinity of Naples. It may be claims for insurance resulting from collisions at sea which have taken place since the ship in question left its last port of call. It may be a visit from the local police to settle an argument about their failure to permit British subjects to work, although they are entitled to do so. It may be the stamping of Ship's Articles, or the arrangements necessary to get an injured British seaman into the nearest naval hospital in the shortest space of time. It may be attempts to extradite a British subject who has been illegally imprisoned in Yugoslavia.

Altogether, he has a staff of fourteen people. War claims take up a great deal of time, so do the signature of documents for Income Tax relief, transfer of shares and stock, the drawing up of powers of attorney, the collection of material for monthly economic reports, the collection of fees for obtaining consular services, liaison with the British Council, further liaison with the local Italian newspapers; and all the multifarious activities of the information office.

If consular officials kept to a forty-hour week, goodness knows what would happen. As it is, the daily menu of work of our staff in Naples—as a case in point—shows that they have a great deal on their plate besides spaghetti, gnocchi and other forms of antipasta.



THE TORTUOUS ROAD THROUGH THE DOLOMITES: A Sunbeam-Talbot (Car No. 74 in the Alpine Rally) taking part in the International Alpine Rally which involved 1,800 miles of motoring in the Alps and the Italian Dolomites

SCORCHING ALONG A MOUNTAIN ROAD: A competitor seen in action on one of the more exacting Alpine stretches

THE ALPINE RALLY

A Stern Mountaineering Test for International Motorists

The International Alpine Rally this year provided the most arduous test of motor-cars ever known in the history of motor sport. This view is confirmed by such experienced British competitors as Donald Healey—taking part in his fifteenth Alpine—and H. J. Aldington, for twenty-nine years a well-known racing driver. Said Healey: "Never in all my experience have cars been put to such a killing test. Any car

(Cont. below)

THE SUNBEAM-TALBOT TEAM RELAX IN THE SUNSHINE AT NICE: Left to right—Clease and Cutts (the drivers of No. 74), Monkhouse and Hartnell (No. 75), and Garrad and Horton (No. 77)

which completed the course, let alone win an award, must be regarded as the very best in its class in the world." What, then, was this colossal task? Simply 1,800 miles motoring in the Alps and Italian Dolomites—not at the sauntering gait employed by tourists, but always non-stop at scheduled speeds ranging between 32 and 40 miles per hour. It was therefore not surprising that of the ninety-two British, French, Czech and Italian cars which set forth from Marseilles, only thirty-two—many of them badly bent—succeeded in completing the course. Sixteen of these were British.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

NEW NOVELS, and a COLONIAL BIOGRAPHY

Mr. John Coates Makes Merry at the Expense of the Ladies: Sir Alan Burns's "Colonial Civil Servant"

A POINT which seems to be missed by most modern novelists is that members of a business partnership are apt to see more of each other than they do of their wives and families. In the firm of Williams and Pilkington this was even more so, as both partners belonged to the same club and, since one of them is married to the sister of the other, they saw quite a lot of each other at home as well. So when Sandy Pilkington told Peter Williams that he had once proposed to Jane Austen, it was natural that Peter should start reflecting upon different types of liars. But Sandy, it seems, was addicted to travelling back in time, and Jane Austen was not the only lady he fell for; not by a long century or two. Mr. John Coates, author of HERE TO-DAY (Methuen. 10s. 6d.), uses the experiment-in-time device, not so much to point morals as to adorn a diverting tale of modern manners. Everybody knows, of course, that in the modern code, morals, if not at a discount, are at least relegated to a back seat. Sandy, in the course of many and various excursions into the past, eventually finds himself in something akin to the Garden of Eden, except that there seemed to be more people about than were in the original Garden. During this escapade he succeeds in having a concentrated affair with his partner's wife, but as at the same time Peter is deliciously engaged in a similar tumble with his secretary, the morality honours appear to be about even. In the end, "everyone has got a consolation prize. And in real life that is enough." Now this is a light-hearted and most entertaining novel in which the author amuses himself no end at the expense of the female sex. His women are drawn from an exclusively man's-eye view, and some of his observations are very funny, although a great many women readers may not be inclined to think so.

CHINATOWN FAMILY (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.) is a delightful novel by Dr. Lin Yutang. It is simply the story of a Chinese family in New York—the father and elder brother, who run a laundry; the second brother, an insurance agent, very "American"; and then the mother and younger children, who join the rest of the family in New York after a separation of ten years. The story is not eventful but it is a charming picture of a united family, and shows very clearly not only the impact of American ways on the growing Tom, but also the contrast between the Chinese and the American attitude to life. In particular we see this in the attitude to the family—the Fongs all (except the Americanised second son) share the work of the laundry and share the proceeds. The eldest son's wife, an American of Italian parentage, cannot quite understand why she must always live with her in-laws, and why they cannot have a separate income. But she accepts her life, makes the best of it and gets on very well with her mother-in-law. In return the mother-in-law is fond of her, and goes to the Catholic Church with her at intervals. The second son, who wishes to be more American than the Americans (though he is proud of his family, too, and comes to all the family celebrations) makes a less successful marriage. He marries a Chinese dancing girl, who makes insatiable demands until at last there is a separation. But he soon recovers his joy in living. He is full of vitality—"a bundle of vitamins," as he says of himself. Tom, who is a boy when he arrives in America, goes to school, absorbs impressions and learns the language by a method all his own. He wants to be an electrical engineer, and achieves his ambition when he grows up. This is a beautifully written book which must give a great deal of pleasure, and there is enough philosophy in it to remind readers of Dr. Lin Yutang's *The Importance of Living*.

Sir Alan Burns, in COLONIAL CIVIL SERVANT (Allen and Unwin. 18s.), begins by saying: "I was practically born into the Colonial Civil Service." In fact, he was born at St. Kitts, in the Leeward Islands, and his first few appointments were in that interesting but remote outpost of the Empire. In 1912 he was posted to Nigeria, then known as the White Man's Grave. While there, he served through the exigencies of the first World War and, in 1924, was posted to the Bahamas. A little more sophisticated, perhaps, and just then the centre of a highly concentrated rum-running industry, since the United States at the time was in the throes of prohibition. Ten years later he is posted Governor of British Honduras, and after a brief wartime spell at the Colonial Office is appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Gold Coast. In this latter term of office he was, of course, concerned with the incidents connected with the so-called "Ju-ju Murders" which had repercussions in the House of Commons. Sir Alan Burns is naturally diffident about his own achievements, but his book sums up to a fine tribute to the Colonial Civil Service and to the men who, under unprecedented difficulties, have done a job which could not have been done better by any other body.

LAMB'S COTTAGE, WHICH HAS BEEN BOUGHT BY THE CHARLES LAMB SOCIETY: "Button Snap," the white-washed house at Westmill, near Buntingford, Hertfordshire, has just been acquired from the Royal Society of Arts. Lamb and his sister had many homes during their joint lives, Mary Lamb's malady often proving the reason for the onward move. They were always at their happiest in the Hertfordshire countryside

There have been tramps who have turned poet and many a modern Autolycus has turned novelist, but there can be few poets who have turned navvy. CLAY UNDER CLOVER, by Thomas Skelton (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), is a personal record of a man who, having served in the Middle East, Sicily and Italy, been commissioned in the Royal Air Force, on demobilisation deliberately turns navvy. He comes from Carrickfergus—"my people have been about the locality for over a hundred years." So he can believe in fairies if he wants to and take an easy view of a man who likes to drink the whisky on a Saturday night. These day-to-day settings down are the work of a happy man; a poet, and one worthy of the great name he bears.

IN THE BROOD OF TIME (Hutchinson. 9s. 6d.), Miss Averil Mackenzie-Grieve writes a story as seen through the eyes of a child in an Edwardian country house. In other words, she sets out to produce the atmosphere of a way of life which has now vanished: a social structure, with its grace and discipline, its harshness and its prejudices, at a time when the traditions which supported it were already being assailed by new ideas. To all who understand the rigidity which was imposed upon all dwellers in the English countryside by that code known as "County," Miss Mackenzie-Grieve's novel will bring mixed memories. Whether the conclusions implicit in the tale can be considered just is for the reader to decide.

IN THE INNOCENT TRAVELLER (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.), Miss Ethel Wilson tells the story of "a lively woman who lived for 100 years and died triumphant in Vancouver." Topaz Edgworth was born into a prosperous and populous Victorian home. How prosperous and how populous such a home could be is told in a rich harvest of atmosphere and characterisation in Miss Wilson's pages. Always apparently inconsequential, but having a purpose supported by an unflinching and determined character, she sets out at the age of fifty to cross the Atlantic to a new home in Canada. Her career is crowned when, some years later, on a visit to England, she is commanded to Buckingham Palace for an audience with the Queen. Here is a book with literary qualities above the average, and one which is bound to give a lot of pleasure.

ONE AMERICAN CHILD, by Mary Weston (Wingate. 8s. 6d.), is frankly labelled "an autobiography." Again we are back at the beginning of the century, but this time in New York City, with a beautiful and very spoilt mother and a charming and feckless father. More often than not the fine houses and fine jewels had to give way to floor-scrubbing and life in a small American town. Later on, however, Mary Weston comes to England, and promptly was annoyed when a little servant girl called her a foreigner.

Miss Mary Weston's narrative is not so much nostalgic as objective and invigorating, and not the least valuable part of it is the purely personal but extremely interesting comparisons that she makes between the country of her birth and that of her adoption.

FITZGERALD'S UNFINISHED NOVEL

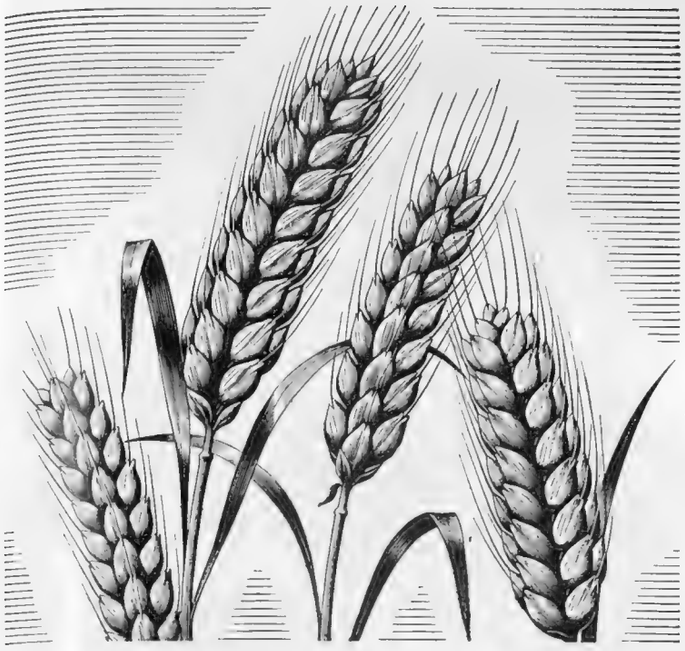
The Story of a Hollywood Tycoon

Just as Theodore Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis won fame as recorders of the American scene, the former in clumsy if vigorous native prose, the latter with no less genius and a little more polish, so did F. Scott Fitzgerald carve a niche for himself in the giddy '20's. Fitzgerald set down as he saw it the America of Harding and Calvin Coolidge, when a war-weary world climbed upon the band-waggon and headed out, it seemed, for limitless prosperity. *The Great Gatsby* was Fitzgerald's masterpiece, his *Babbit* or *American Tragedy*, but when he died of heart failure in Hollywood in 1941, he left behind an unfinished novel, with six chapters roughly complete, and the notes for the ending. THE LAST TYCOON (Grey Walls Press. 8s. 6d.) is that novel, and it is now published for the first time in this country. It is the story of the talented Monroe Stahr. Stahr, last of the tycoons, is a film chief, at once paternal and all powerful, a dominant, vital figure; and the background of his story is not so much the familiar Hollywood of Sunset Boulevard, Santa Monica Beach and Beverly Hills, as the Hollywood of tortuous big business, of casting and story conferences, and of the projection room, where the net results of months of buying, planning, writing, re-writing, casting, rehearsing and shooting are reviewed amid almost savage tensity. To the lay mind, the background bears the stamp of authenticity. Stahr himself, the Napoleonic central figure, looms large, clear and convincing. The manuscript stops with suddenness, with Stahr's eventual doom in a plane crash among the unprinted chapters that lay ahead. Edmund Wilson, the American critic, has edited Fitzgerald's notes, and tells us how the story was to have been brought to its climax at the funeral of the last of the tycoons, "an orgy of servility and hypocrisy." Most readers, when they reach the end of Fitzgerald's narrative, which puts Hollywood well and truly in the pillory, will be disappointed that there is no more. They may feel regret, too, that we have lost a novelist of such power.

Ann Bridge, whose husband was British Ambassador in Portugal, and Susan Lowndes, whose mother was Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, have combined to produce a delightful travel book, THE SELECTIVE TRAVELLER IN PORTUGAL (Evans Brothers. 21s.). In a small car these two friends have scoured the country, making notes, taking photographs and, above all, keeping their eyes open. Their account of wine-making in the Douro valley, achieved by "man's foot and man's foot alone," is racy, succinct and informative. They introduce us to the men who tread the wine-press, showing at once the jollity and the unremitting labour of the annual task, which would not be tolerable without its concertina accompaniment, and making us realise, perhaps for the first time, the full desperate meaning of the words in Isaiah—"I have trodden the wine-press alone." This is a many-sided book, however, which does not dwell overlong upon any phase of Portuguese life. It is written with fluency and enthusiasm, and will no doubt accompany many a traveller on the Lisbon journey.

Rogier van der Weyden (c. 1400-1464) was one of the outstanding Flemish artists of the fifteenth century. He lacked the originality of the van Eyck's, perhaps, and the sympathy with nature that made Hans Memlinc great; his style was sometimes severe, his colour less rich than that of his contemporaries, his brush-work more laboured. Van der Weyden, however, was a master of dramatic expression, and his pictures were deeply religious in intention. They had a wide appeal, transplanting, as they did, the scene of the Passion to the Flanders of the fifteenth century. Van der Weyden, indeed, could almost be termed a great popular artist of his day, and fittingly enough an examination of his celebrated painting, the PIETA, provides the subject for the first volume in the "Form and Colour" Series (Longmans, Green and Co. 12s. 6d.). The volume is magnificently produced, with seven plates in colour, one showing Van der Weyden's famous picture of the Descent from the Cross, and the others showing important detail. There is a critical commentary by Professor Vogelsang of Utrecht.

Here are some volumes for the countryman. Alison Uttley's THE FARM ON THE HILL (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.), a companion book to *The Country Child*. This new and attractive edition has illustrations by C. F. Tunnicliffe. HEDGEROW AND FIELD (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.), by Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald, is a book for young naturalists. From the same author comes A COUNTRY CHRONICLE (Chapman and Hall. 9s. 6d.), a month-by-month account of the activities of field and farm. Mr. G. E. M. Skue's THE WAY OF A TROUT WITH A FLY (A. and C. Black. 15s.) now appears in its fourth edition.



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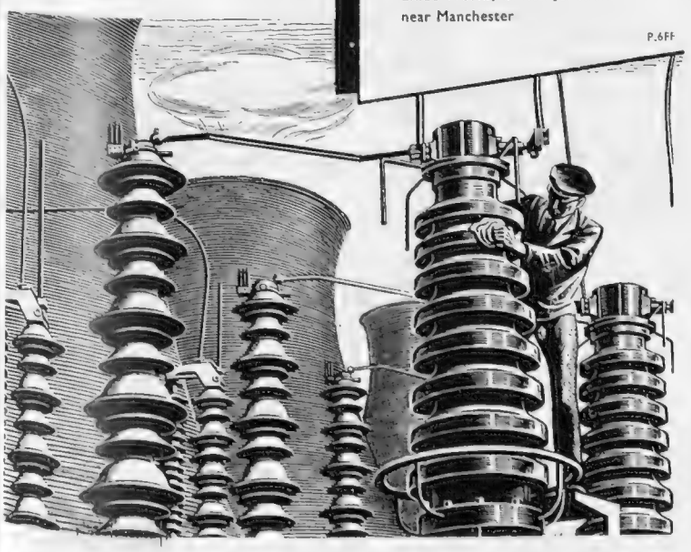

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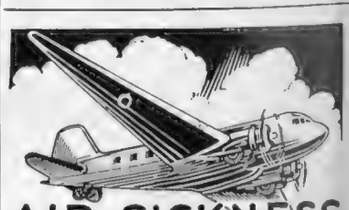

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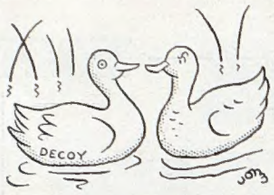

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